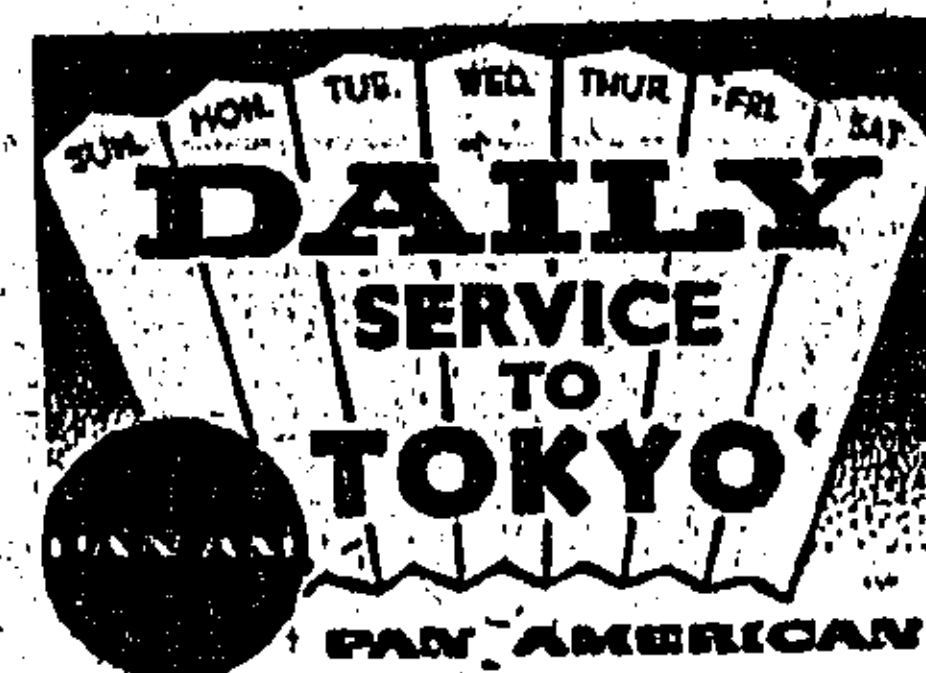


CHINA MAIL

No. 37412

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1959.

Price 30 Cents



Comment Of The Day

A Pie In The Sky

HONGKONG will cheer Mr Harold Watkinson's determined, fighting statement to the House on international air fares. The only hope is that Britain has the courage of its convictions to quit the International Air Transport Association. If its demands are not met, World Airlines will be horrified at the idea, and it is a fair bet that rather than lose their control of one of the biggest international carriers, the Association will agree to some small fare reduction.

But it seems ominous that in the meantime two decisions pending on new international air services are being delayed. One by America: Boac's trans-Pacific jet service. Another by Britain: Eagle Airways' licence to fly fortnightly economy services to Hongkong, which the Colony has already approved.

Tug-of-war

THERE may be no connection between these various moves, but clearly if Boac gets the fare cuts it hopes for on the Far East route, there may be much less demand—and indeed, no need—for an economy class service. On the other hand, the protestant voices in American aviation circles disputing Boac's right to fly the Pacific the way it wants to, may be even more aggressively opposed if fare cuts are forced upon them through an IATA decision.

The public, the hapless victim in this international tug-of-war, asks only that in this modern jet age, air travel is made available to more people. Who, after all, would not like to breakfast in Hongkong and take supper in London, or be projected through the ether like a cannonball, or even fly to London and back for the Cup Final weekend, like MacTavish? It is the airlines themselves who make these tantalising proposals; but for the majority who pay their own fares, they are no more than a pie in the sky.

Stock up in safety with the 'Fabulous Four'



Model DE 42
With the G.E.B.2. Fridge-freezer you can buy food while the buying's good and store it with perfect confidence.
Take advantage of the new, better designed refrigerator-freezer Model DE 42.
It has space for food, freezer and for preserving frozen foods.
You'll find it in the display in big stores and big food stores.

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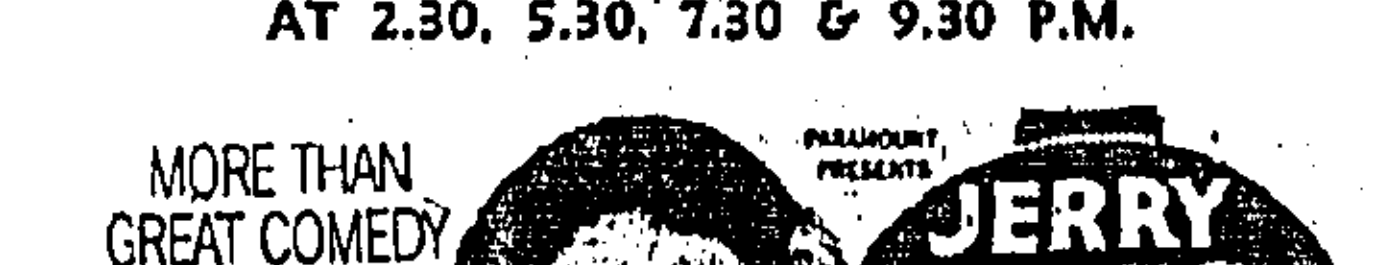
Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m. Fred Astaire • Cyd Charisse in
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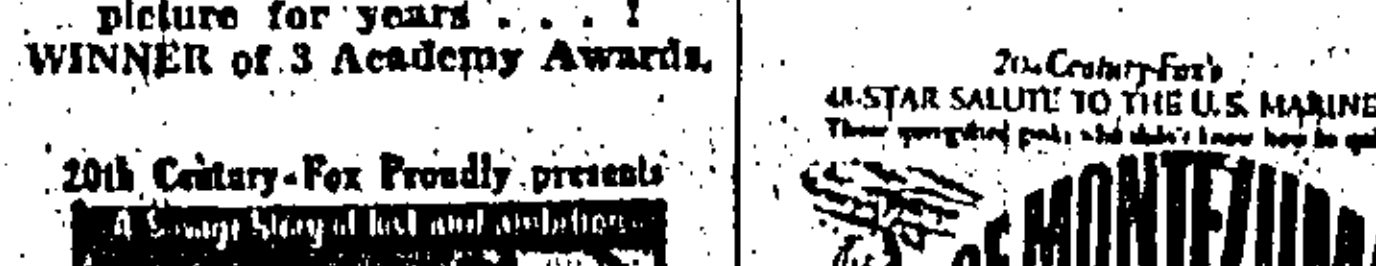
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The funniest, most adult
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20th Century-Fox Proudly presents
A Story of love and adventure
"ROOM AT THE TOP"



Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
"A PLACE IN THE SUN"



Sunday Morning Show
"THE FOUR HORSEMEN"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

"THE PLAINSMAN,"

(King's and Princess) is one of three fine Westerns that are being released, the other two being, "Shane," and "High Noon."

Cecil B. DeMille made the film, and he was consulted, of course, before it was sent into circulation again. He was rather touchy at this stage about the remarks the reviewers had been making regarding the presentation of "The Ten Commandments." He therefore felt compelled to give his reasons for making this film, and what follows is his own report on "The Plainsman."

"For the peak of drama, action and excitement, one has only to turn to the history of America's West. Among the colorful men who people its pages—good men, bad men, and men who were a mixture of both—there is one who intrigues the imagination beyond all others. "He is Wild Bill Hickok, and his story is told in 'The Plainsman.' Historians disagree about him. Some say he was a man with a gun for hire, and no respect for human life. But from as much of his story which can be pieced together from existing records, he was a man who lived by the law as he saw it, in a time when the fastest man on the frontier was the judge and jury, and there was no Sunday west of Junction City, no law west of Hays City, and no God west of Carson City."

"Hickok had a phrase, 'I will not be put upon.' Hickok followed the code and necessity of the time and place in which he lived. When he lost his watch playing poker, and the winner failed to honour the right of redeeming it, Hickok met him in the street the next afternoon to draw his knife and save him the reputation of a gunman. Then he took his watch from the body of the dead man and left town."

"This incident is not shown in 'The Plainsman,' but the watch plays its little tune of tense drama from beginning to end. Wild Bill Hickok is played by Gary Cooper; Jean Arthur is Calamity Jane."

"I do not choose an episode in history because it happened—I choose the subject because it is a good story—and I am a story teller."

"That is why I made 'The Plainsman,' the story of the Indian rising led by Yellow Hand and Sitting Bull, and Wild Bill Hickok's part in it."

"THE SWORD AND THE CROSS"

(Roxy and Broadway) is an Italian spectacular film, made in colour with all the lavish detail the Italians bring to this kind of film. But I hasten to add that in theme it ranks with "Ben Hur" and "The King of Kings," and will appeal to many who otherwise never go near a cinema.

Usually, I do not like films made on a Biblical theme for fear, for what my personal taste is worth, I find my senses offended. However, with "The Sword and the Cross," a plausible story is worked out, so plausible in fact, that it might well be the true version of the private life of some of the people who walked and talked with Jesus.

Beautiful Yvonne De Carlo is Mary of Magdala, and she plays that part which the Bible dismisses so graphically, a beautiful young courtesan whose beauty is a snare.

Romance has her desired of a young Roman centurion, and she is also loved by Anan, a fiercely nationalistic Jew who finances the armed excursions of Barabbas.

The story also has Yvonne De Carlo as the woman taken in the Temple when the Christ uttered the words "Let him who is sinless throw the first stone."



Gary Cooper as Wild Bill Hickok and Jean Arthur as Calamity Jane, from the film, "The Plainsman."

the last, Mary at the foot of the Cross perceives the Divine meaning of her mission, and recovers the peace of her soul.

I recommend this film on purely personal grounds. The broad vistas and drilled crowd scenes are a spectacle at its best. But with it all, it seems to me a reverent attempt to portray the tremendous years as they were, in an age very similar to our own, torn by religious and political strife.

And to the fore is a person, who makes heaven and hell against such a background, and at last finds peace.

★ ★ ★

"THE TOMMY STEELE STORY,"

(Star and Metropole) Often in the long proud history of Britain, we have been thrilled by the valiant story of her sons.

The catalogue is long, for hero worship is part of the game, and they hold the whole world of valiant achievement in fee.

Every young Englishman, at some time or other, wants to be a St. George, riding lonely to battle with dragons, and those who have done great exploits are sung by the poets of England.

Noel Coward in his "Cavaliers" cautions someone to say, "It is still thrilling to be British," and I was never so much aware of this as when I actually saw Tommy Steele in person.

He strode onto the stage, his long hair, his eyes, his question marks, his gaiter slung with all the abandon of an ancient audacious minstrel. His hair fell in a careless lock upon his noble brow, and his

chin was thrust proudly somewhere in the direction of his navel.

He strummed the guitar—"Now all the youth of England are one fire, And sixteen dances in the warrior's lies."

As a matter of fact, I witnessed one of Tommy Steele's greatest triumphs when a hysterical teenager was carried out on a stretcher.

Unfortunate youth of Hong-kong, you cannot see him in person, but bearing this in mind, Tommy has enshrined his art in celluloid and achieves immortality. There before you, Tommy Steele stands, lounges, and prances,

with the determination of a pink piano-mange.

Now we have the Steelmans, Humphrey Lyttelton, and his band, a Skiffle Group; all that is noble and best.

But we have Tommy, and to hear the sweet cadence of the Anglo-Saxon tongue in an Elephant and Castle accent pour from his lips, is to understand the inspiration of Shakespeare and Milton.

This success story should inspire every young Briton in the Colony. It is the duty of every parent to see that their children attend, and by example, to write one more glowing page in the history of our Island story.

FILM BRIEFS

You can almost feel the salt sea breezes on your cheek and the rolling of the deck under your feet in Allied Artists' "Voyage of Discovery."

Jack London's immortal story, Producer, Lindsay Parsons, ordered the entire film to be shot at sea!

Once this had been decided, Parsons had to find the right type of vessel on which to make the picture. This problem was solved by film star Sterling Hayden, who is the proud owner of the Grace S., a 93-foot schooner. Hayden readily consented to hiring his ship to the film unit, and soon cast, technicians and all the many other folk who are needed for making a picture, were miles from land in the Pacific Ocean.

Stars of the film, Barry Sullivan, Peter Graves and beautiful Gita Hall, who incidentally became Mrs Barry Sullivan shortly after the film was completed took a while to find their

sea legs because of some really rough weather which had the schooner pitching and rolling.

Everywhere Lauren Bacall travels she takes her battery-operated record player. She likes music, it helps her to relax after a hard day's work filming.

When she went to India to film "North West Frontier" with Kenneth More the record player was packed first—with fifty records.

But the music sessions didn't last long...the battery gave out, and they were unobtainable in India. Lauren Bacall had to make do with the three-piece Indian string band that always seemed to pop up while the Unit was filming round Jaipur.

Five thousand high schools throughout the USA have been supplied by Paramount with quantities of the company's unique study manual for TEMPEST, Dino DeLaurentiis production.

The 16-page manual delves into the picture's historical background, provides extensive biographical material on Alexander Pushkin, on whose works the film was based, and offers study questions and a supplemental reading list. A map of the late 18th century Russia, setting of the story's action, also was contained in the manual. The historical research represented was provided by the Department of Slavic Languages of Columbia University.

The study guide for high school classes is one of many projects Paramount has developed to stimulate teen-age patronage for the picture. Theatres that have opened TEMPEST report that attendance by teen-agers has been very heavy.

A glance around Rod Steiger's dressing room at Broadway's Music Box Theatre, where he is starring with Claire Bloom in "Rushmore," reveals two sides to this famous actor's character. It is a large room, somewhat old-fashioned, and in need of redecoration. A deep shelf runs along one wall, and beside it is the familiar mirror surrounded by quarried light bulbs. This shelf is loaded with jars of make-up, bits of costumes and other theatrical bric-a-brac. But on the far side of the room there is a similar shelf—the resting place for the equipment of the relaxed Steiger—a wooden box with oil paints, a jar of brushes, a couple of uncompleted canvases, a typewriter and paper, and several professional-looking oil paintings.

The unutilized canvases are Raskin's. All the paintings come under the heading of "Impressionist," and it is through this bold style of brushwork that the actor relaxes.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOVER & GALA: "The Kingdom and the Beauty." Third week of Film Festival Award picture. Tale taken from Chinese folk lore. Beautifully produced in Eastman Colour by Run Run Shaw. Starring Lin Dai and Chao Lei.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Sword and the Cross." Spectacular Italian production in English version, of a tale of the time of Christ. New Testament theme handled with reverence, while skilful script has woven characters into plausible situations during the tremendous years in Palestine. Rossana Podesta as Mary; Yvonne De Carlo as Mary of Magdala; Jorge Mistral as Galas the Centurion. Superlative colour.

LEE & ASTOR: "Imitation of Life." Lana Turner and

John Gavin in the second film version of Fannie Hurst's novel, which concerns itself with the problems of two widows; one white, the other coloured. Also Sandra Dee, Juanita Moore, and Susan Kohner.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Plainsman." Re-issue of the late Cecil B. DeMille's spectacular film of Wild Bill Hickok, his life and times, and the Indian fight. Gary Cooper as Wild Bill, and Jean Arthur as Calamity Jane.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Tommy Steele Story." The film story of Britain's wonder boy, and his inspiring rise to fame. A feast of music, sparkling wit, and scintillating brilliance. Of Tommy Steele himself, with a few wack words and the kitchen sink thrown in.

COMING

HOOVER & GALA: "Green Manana." Strange love story set in the exotic jungles of Orinoco. Concerns itself with forest bred Audrey Hepburn; politically disillusioned Anthony Perkins; and repentant ex-convict Lee J. Cobb.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Man Who Understood Women." Leslie Caron as the woman who taught Henry Fonda all about women. In Hollywood, in New York, and in Paris. Filmed in Colour by De Luxe and CinemaScope.

LEE & ASTOR: "Annie Ma." Story of a little orphan boy entrusted to a New York Aunt. Concerns itself in several short scenes

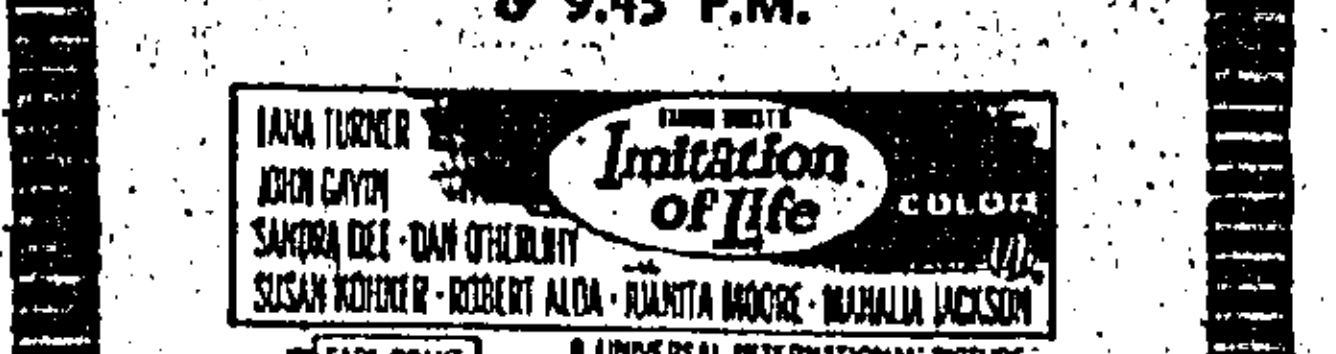
with Rosalind Russell rustling her way through contemporary American society. Also Forrest Tucker, Coral Browne, and Fred Clark.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Love Is My Profession." A frank and determined effort to prove that success in a career depends upon an attractive body, and an unshakable mind. A couple of words, Brigitte Bardot, served up as usual.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Restless Years." The story of a young man with a dirty mind, and a girl who goes through the hardships of two (second) youngsters in love. John Saxon, and Sandra Dee.

Lee Astor

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.45 P.M.



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE At 11.00 a.m. ASTOR THEATRE At 11.00 a.m.

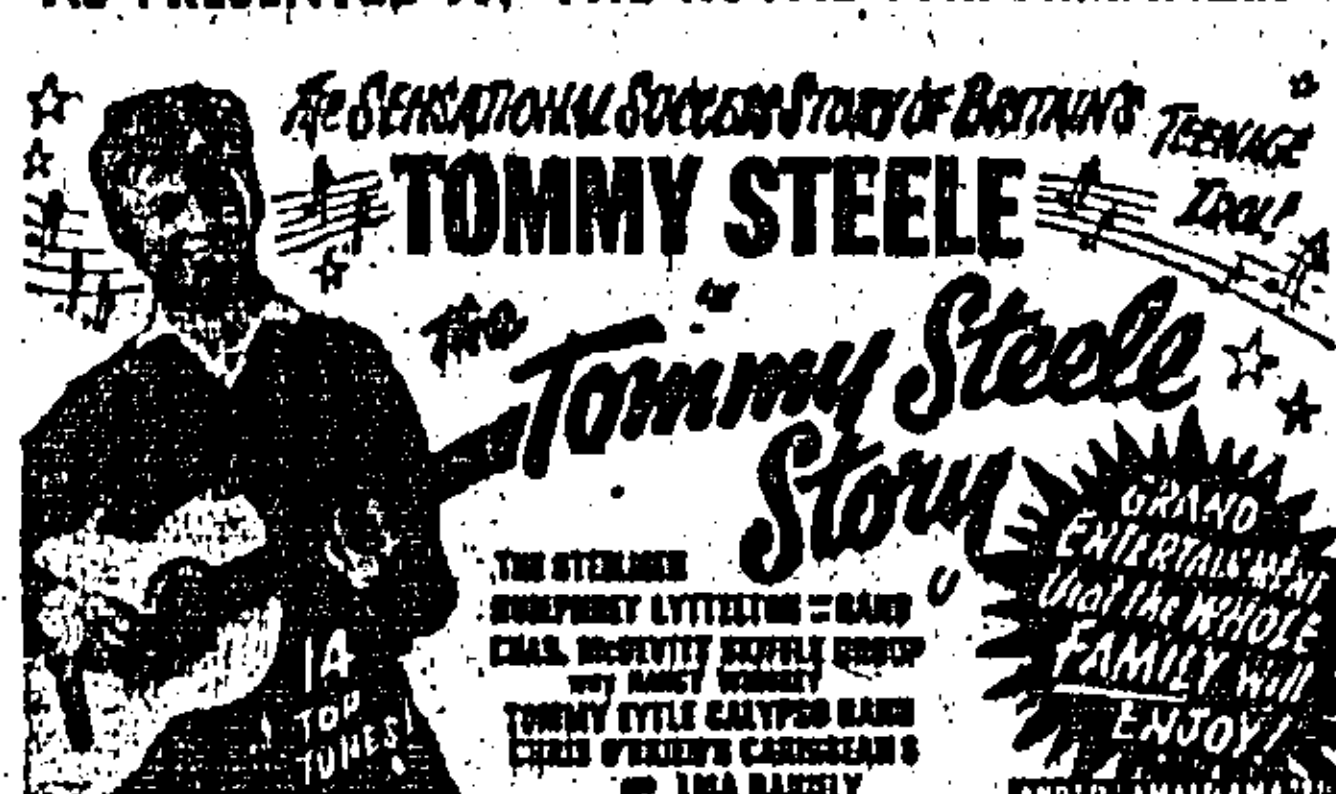
COLOR CARTOONS At 12.30 p.m. COLOR CARTOONS At 12.30 p.m.

"UP IN THE WORLD" "DU RHIM"

STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

AS PRESENTED AT THE ROYAL PERFORMANCE!



Released by J. ARTHUR RANK
OVERSEAS FILM DISTRIBUTORS LTD.

ADDED ATTRACTION

STAR: "FOLLOW THE STARS" In EASTMAN COLOR

See the huge telescope of the Observatory in operation and listen to the astronomers.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.

FOX UNIVERSAL
LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox presents
In CinemaScope & Color

"LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDOR THING"
Starring: Jennifer JONES • William HOLDEN

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ GRAND OPENING TO-DAY ★
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

THE WONDERFUL GRANDEUR & SPECTACLE
IN MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!



BOOK EARLY!

ROXY & BROADWAY: A show to-morrow
Extra Performance of "THE SWORD AND THE CROSS"
ROXY: At 10.45 p.m. BROADWAY: At 10.45 p.m.

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show At 11.00 a.m.
WARNER BROTHERS TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS



HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

No Tipping In Russia (OFFICIALLY... THAT IS)...

... But The Muscovite Is More Interested In Padding His Bank Account

Moscow.
IF Maria Ivanovna, a waitress in one of Moscow's first class restaurants, had the right Communist spirit, she would spurn that extra few roubles her customers offer her.

"Citizen, take your change, your tips lower my dignity," she would say. But Maria, along with too many Moscow taxi drivers, coat room attendants and porters, seems these days to be more interested in padding a bank account than keeping up self-respect, according to the newspaper Soviet Culture.

Frowned upon

Although tipping is officially frowned upon in the USSR, the custom still exists as a holdover from Czarist days even though it's a drop in the bucket by Western standards.

It's possible, for instance, to arrive on a train, take a taxi to a hotel, give the bellhop your luggage, check your coat, eat a haircut and eat dinner in the hotel restaurant without dropping a single kopek (tenth of one cent) in an outstretched palm.

But Soviet Culture, in a letter from disgruntled Muscovite N. Zaborovskiy, has just pointed out that it's not as easy as it should be.

Zaborovskiy pointed, for instance, to a tendency to withhold change from sale of a programme at a Moscow theatre or sporting event. At a minimum, the programme sellers would be so slow on the draw about returning what was due that the customer felt intimidated.

It turns out, his letter said, that "as a rule the programme which costs 30 kopeks (three cents) is sold for a rouble (10 cents)."

The rake in

Zaborovskiy also claimed that coat room attendants were often becoming surly and servile because of a misplaced concern for how much they can expect as a tip.

One coat-checker at a large Moscow restaurant admitted his rake in from 40 roubles (\$4) to 200 roubles (\$20) in tips on a good day, the letter revealed.

While Western wages often are cut to the bone, those who supplement their income by tips, there is no such system in the Soviet Union. Nor is there such a thing as a concessionaire who makes a large profit from such tip-producing activities as checking hats and coats.

Since tipping is not supposed to exist, there is no wage adjustment to allow for it. A taxi driver for example theoretically must plunk live on his salary alone although he can usually bank on at least a few roubles on the side.

Russia's increasing influx of foreigners from tip-giving countries does not seem yet to have affected the tipping pattern here.

Intourist

The reason most tourists in Russia are under the auspices of the state-controlled travel agency "Intourist" which issues visitors coupons for virtually all their expenses, including service charges.

A visitor from abroad theoretically can go for days, even weeks in Russia without laying out a single rouble in hard cash for the type of service he would expect to tip for in Western countries.

Tipping in the Soviet Union is done mostly by the Russians themselves under a far more flexible system than in the West, where 10, 12, or 15 per cent depending on the country, is an established pattern.

The Soviet scale varies from nothing—in theory without any grumbling—to around 10 per cent. But everything is governed by the generosity of the donor and not what he owes—UPI.

Been Drinking Since Three

London.
"Every morning since I was three years old I have been used to a drink of vodka and I can't live without it," Hungarian Ferenc Hopka told magistrates' court. He was fined £10 and two of his colleagues £5 and £5 each respectively for operating a vodka still.—UPI.

WHY DO WE Yawn?

BECAUSE WE'RE

Bored?

Paris.
DO monkeys yawn because they are bored? Apes, man and carnivorous animals all yawn. Nobody is sure just why they do it.

In a study of yawning published here by the medical review Semaine des Hopitaux (Hospital Week), Dr. Jean Barbizet maintains that most yawns are caused by "psychological factors," chiefly boredom.

He denies the psychological role of the yawn. Barbizet is breaking new ground. But he has plenty of radiographs of people yawning to back him up.

In the past, one theory has been that yawns and simultaneous stretching speed up blood circulation and help keep men, lions, monkeys, etc. awake.

Explanation

Another explanation was that yawns clear up minor breathing difficulties.

Barbizet admits that hunger, a heavy meal, too much or too little sleep can precede a yawn while some women yawn more when they are with child. But he still insists that the nerve centres which govern the yawning apparatus respond mainly to tedium.

At the neurological centre of Paris' Saint Antoine Hospital, Barbizet has been taking split second radiographs of humans yawning. He has yet to study yawning animals like cats or gorillas.

His analyses show that when a man yawns his thorax (chest cavity) and pharynx (throat canal) dilate three or four times their normal calibre. A really powerful yawn can throw a man's jaw out of joint.

But he cannot discover that a yawn fills any physical need. He points out that epilepsy, certain cerebral tumors and hemiplegia (partial paralysis) can cause yawning fits.

This, he says, shows the essential role of the higher nerve centres in the whole process.

An expression

Since the yawn originates in these nerve centres, he argues, it must be psychological.

"Our disimulation of the 'yawn,'" Barbizet writes, "acquired through education, is implicit recognition that yawning is an expression of boredom."

In that case, monkeys probably yawn because they are bored too. But the doctor failed to push his idea to its furthest limits and left readers asking: How about lions? Do they yawn because they are bored? How about dogs?—UPI.

'Don't Ignore Those Pink Elephants'

London.
"PINK elephants" should be taken seriously—they can kill, a doctor has warned.

Dr. Alan P. Grant, physician at the Belfast City Hospital and Downe Hospital, writing in The Medical Press of the treatment

First Ever Snow-Leopard Triplets



It's never been known before—triplets for a snow-leopard in captivity. These were born in Copenhagen zoo. They are doing well.—Express Photo.

No More Sweets

London.
British European Airways announced it has stopped giving free sweets to passengers.

Airline spokesmen said sweets were first given passengers to prevent ear "popping" but installation of pressurized cabins makes the chewing unnecessary.

Besides, they said, it cost £8,000 a year to distribute the sweets.—UPI.

PORKERS WERE ALL BONES

London.

Five little pigs went to market—but they were so weak from lack of food they could hardly stand.

An official of the RSCA charged in court that former Buchanan Pool had so underfed the five porkers that they were far underweight and all their bones stuck out.

Pool claimed he had fed the pigs before taking them to market.

The judge fined Pool £20 for causing the pigs unnecessary suffering.—UPI.

It Took 20 Years To Get A Gas Stove

Sheffield.
It took 20 years but today Mrs Edith Slack was cooking with gas again.

In 1939 Mrs Slack and her husband moved into a municipal house. City gas officials promised to move her gas stove there.

World War II came along, and Mrs Slack did her bit by cooking on the new house's coal stove. After the war she still waited for her stove.

RAISED A FUSS
"My husband Joe was a quiet man. He didn't like making a fuss," she said. He died recently.

Mrs Slack then raised a fuss. She bombarded the gas board with complaints, produced documents and erupted in a long-expressed desire to denounce cooking with coal. The gas board finally admitted they had lost Mrs Slack's gas stove. They sent her a new one.—UPI.

The 'New Look'

Derby.
TRYING for the "new look" in beauty contests, the carnival committee chose 63-year-old Mrs Martha Slaby as their queen for 1952.

The committee was reported "fed up with glamour girls interested only in milk and money."—UPI.

and effects of chronic alcoholism, said delirium tremens is probably the commonest and best recognized of the alcoholic symptoms. "It is characterized by visual hallucinations of a horrifying nature with extreme restlessness, attacks of terror and disorientation in space and time," he said. "Unless treated adequately death may occur from exhaustion and electrolyte depletion." "Pink elephants in the alcoholic should always be taken seriously and treated in hospital."—China Mail Special.

Michelangelo's 'Mighty Moses' Masterpiece

Rome.
MANY tourists to Rome have seen Michelangelo's "Mighty Moses" in the church of St Peter in Vincelli. But there were probably only a few of these visitors aware of the curious story behind the creation of the great work.

There is something markedly different about the statue of Moses in comparison with other Michelangelo masterpieces done during the same period. He took much more time over its execution than he did with other works. And for once he completely finished the work whereas, with others, he usually left areas which would not be viewed, unsculptured. This was because he did not have the time or he had lost interest.

PAINSTAKING

Hence there is a painstaking perfection about Moses and an extraordinary lifelike expression of the character it represents.

Michelangelo was obviously inspired. His inspiration came from a man called William of Piedmont who acted as the model for the statue of Moses. History does not tell us much about William of Piedmont's early life. All that is known about the man is that he had been summoned from Piedmont in about 1502 by Pope Julius II to help in the defence of the Vatican against the attacks of Turkish pirates.

William was an engineer but above all noted as an inventor. He was probably the first diver in history, for he had invented a diver's suit complete with iron shoes.

The suit was a kind of waterproof canvas overall. Its hood contained an air sack from which a tube was attached so that the man, enclosed in the overall could suck in a mouthful of air now and again while under water.

HE GASPED

In actual fact, William of Piedmont used this primitive diver's suit in 1507 at Civitavecchia, near Rome, headquarters of Pontifical Navy at the time. He successfully salvaged a shipload of artillery shells from a sunken ship in the Civitavecchia harbour.

During this historic event, William of Piedmont met Michelangelo and it has been recorded that the great Florentine artist stood before the inventor with mouth agape, overwhelmed by the majestic figure of the man. Michelangelo had been contemplating the mausoleum monument of Julius II for some time but had difficulty in finding the right model for the figure of Moses.

STATE

— TO-DAY —
An Historical Masterpiece Please note change of times: At 2.00, 4.45, 7.15 & 9.45 p.m.



Starring
Liu Ching and Yuen Mei Yuen
A cast of thousands
Sunday Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m.
Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis
in "JUMPING JACKS"
At Reduced Prices

In a fury of inspiration Michelangelo began work on the statue with William posing near him, arms folded across his broad chest and eyes scornful under his bushy and bristling eyebrows.

REQUESTED

Probably William hated the idea of modelling for a statue when he could be spending the time inventing or constructing some engineering project. But Michelangelo had requested Pope Julius for the loan of his engineer and inventor and the orders of the Pope were supreme.

William of Piedmont was certainly an excellent model for a Moses. He stood over six feet tall and sported a long, thick white beard. When he donned his diving suit he would divide his beard in two parts, throw one over each shoulder and bring the lengths around his waist and tie the ends in a knot over his stomach.

When Michelangelo had completed the statue of Moses it was reported he was particularly pleased and when he stood back to admire it, he said smilingly: "Why don't you talk?"—UPI.

Fairy Tales While Playing

Rome.
CHILDREN in Verona don't have to ask grandmother to tell them a fairy story for they can hear them over the loudspeaker in their new playground park.

The big Verona 43,000-square foot children's park on the Piazza Arsenale was inaugurated here recently. It has been equipped with everything for tiny tots between the ages of four and ten.

It includes swings, slides, merry-go-rounds, small race track for bicycles and pedal cars and a push-button system for the kids to listen to music, songs and fairy stories.—UPI.

"Bayer's" TONIC



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M. M-G-M COLOR CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m. "NIGHT PASSAGE"



... should have sent it by Pan American
CARGO
DELIVERED TO ALL THE WORLD

PARAMOUNT

LUNCH . . . \$5.00
Eat to your heart's content!
COLD TABLE BUFFET with Coffee \$5.00

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Presenting
FRANCO & TERRY
Canada's Top Notch Artists
On Their World Tour!
— AND —
MACLAREN DUO
International Famous Dancing Stars!

Music by GIANCARLO
And His Italian Combo!

COCKTAIL LOUNGE For your
Featuring "MARTY" Drinking
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EDDIE BOLA and his: FRENCH COMBO
and **GRACE ARCHER** Vocalist

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CAPITOL SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

KING OF ROMANTIC EPICS!
PRINCE OF FOXES
TYRONE POWER • WELLES
WANDA HENDRIX

— NEXT CHANGE —
James DEAN in John STEINBECK'S
"EAST OF EDEN"
in CINEMASCOPE AND WARNER COLOR

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
M-G-M COLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m. "NIGHT PASSAGE"

THE SOUL OF CHINA

Starring
Liu Ching and Yuen Mei Yuen
A cast of thousands
Sunday Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m.
Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis
in "JUMPING JACKS"
At Reduced Prices

... should have sent it by Pan American
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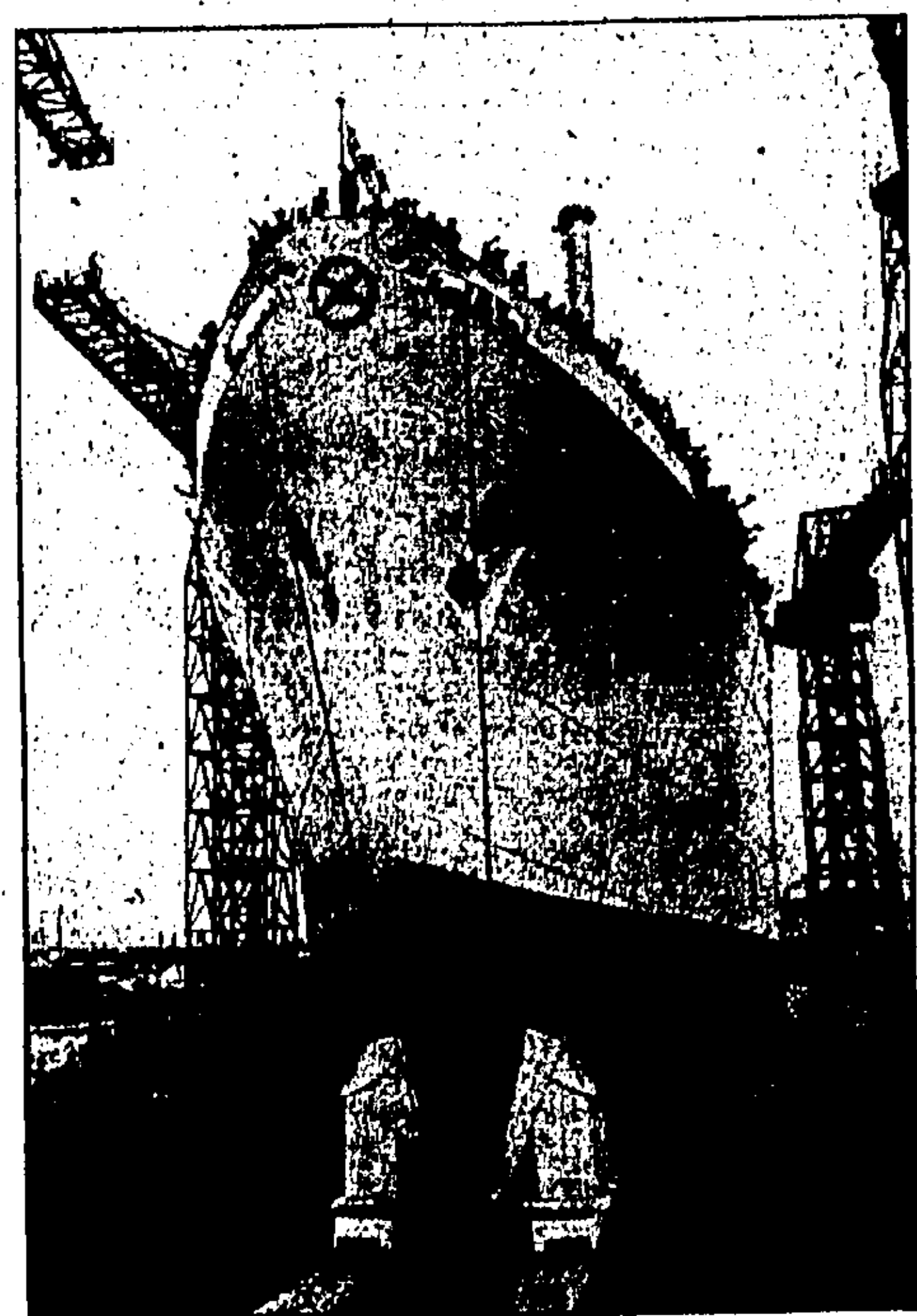
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



RIGHT: At Wattisham, Suffolk, where they are based, they call the nine Hunter jet fighters the Jet Set. The Black Arrows of the Royal Air Force are the greatest acrobatic team in the world. They completely out-tumbled the French and U.S. teams at the Paris Air Show. Now they have been invited to America to show just how their acrobatics should be done. Picture shows five of the Hunters, their jet streams trailing behind them, from the cockpit of another jet as they go through their routine.

★ ★ ★

LEFT: Robin Douglas-Horne, one-time friend and escort of Princess Margaret—and the man whose name was linked romantically last year with Princess Margaret of Sweden—married model Sandra Paul at St James's Church, Piccadilly, London, recently. They are seen here after the wedding outside the church.



ABOVE: Cheered on her journey down the slipway by shipyard workers, the Royal Mail Line's new passenger liner 'Amazon,' 20,000 tons, is seen after her naming and launching by Princess Margaret, at the Harland and Wolff shipyards in Belfast.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Arriving at Victoria Station: the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. They travelled by the night ferry from Paris for a private 10-day stay in London. It is two years since their last visit. Their 30 pieces of luggage included the Duke's golf clubs.



LEFT: 25-year-old British actress Vera Day shows no concern over the police notice by her side, as she poses for photographers at London Airport prior to departing for a Film Festival in Spain. Miss Day was married to British actor Arthur Mason in November 1954. In February of this year she filed a petition for divorce alleging cruelty, but hours later changed her mind, and said that she still loved her husband—and immediately flew off to Germany to be with him.

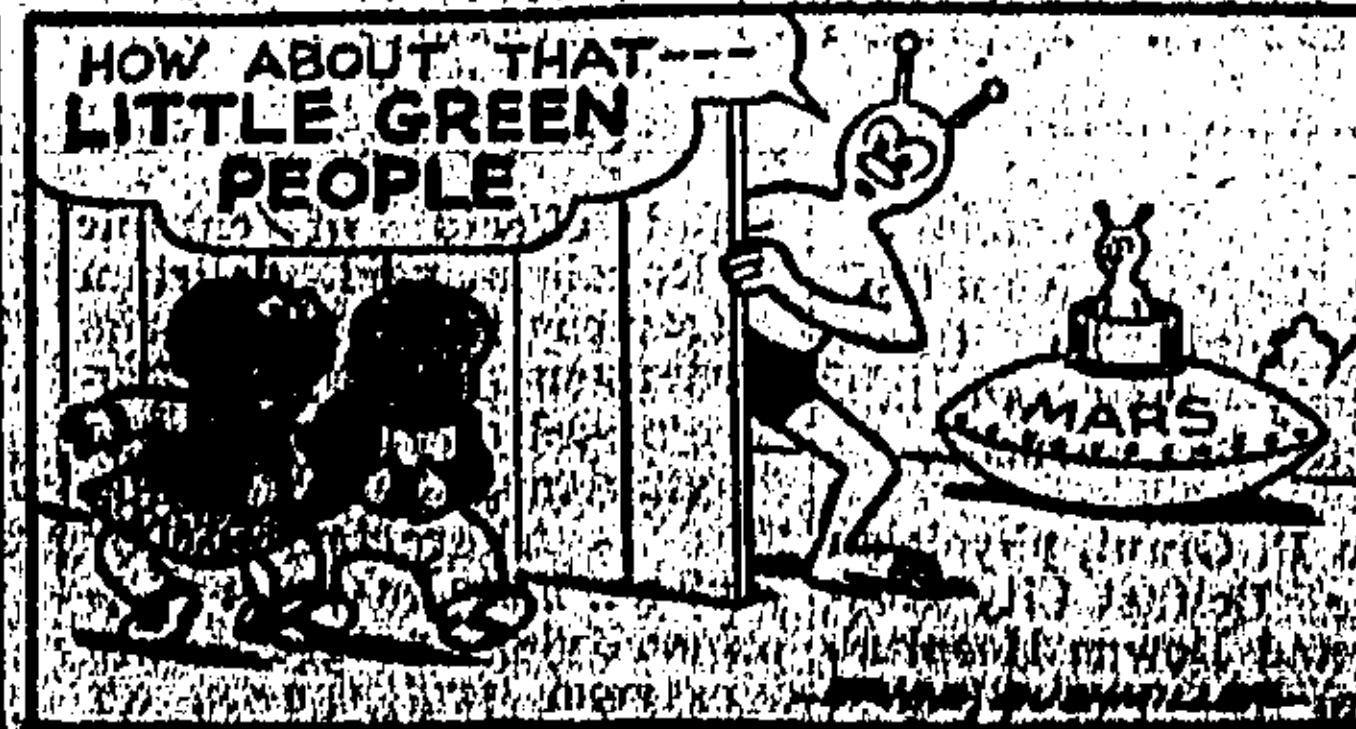
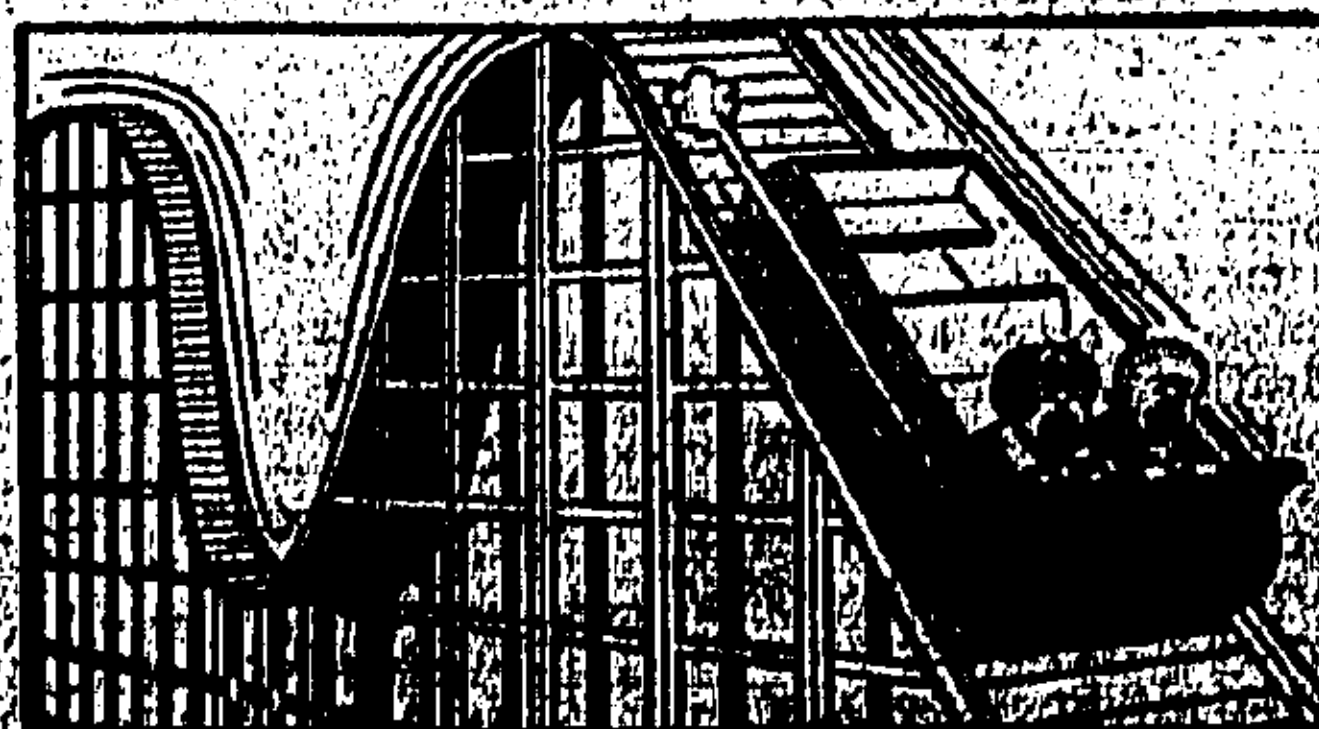


ABOVE: The other week, Prime Minister Mr. Harold Macmillan officially opened the Victoria Cross Room—a club room open at all times to holders of the Victoria Cross and the George Cross—at St George's House in London. The Prime Minister said: "It is a little room but then it is a small band of men. In the smallness of their society lies part of its special pride. It marks the outstanding nature of their service. What a world of meaning is contained in those two words—'For Valour.'" (This is the simple inscription on these medals which are awarded for conspicuous gallantry). Picture shows after the ceremony Mr. Macmillan with holders of the Victoria and George Cross.



ABOVE: Driving away from London Airport: Princess Shahnaz (centre), 18-year-old daughter of the Shah of Persia. She flew from Geneva for a private visit. Accompanying her: her husband, Ardeshir Zahedi, son of former Premier General Zahedi, and her mother, Princess Farzaneh, the Shah's first wife.

NANCY



Water Of Life? —Scotch To You

Scotland. SCIENCE has come to the aid of men who distill the Water of Life, and has overcome a serious problem with ten thousand pounds' worth of glass.

Water of Life—that's the translation of "uisge beatha," the term used for denoting whisky in the old Gaelic language of the Scottish Highlands.

Scotch whisky is not so ancient a drink as some beverages to which mankind is partial, but it is mentioned as far back as the 14th century, when Scottish lawmakers placed a temporary ban on the distilling of it because of a dearth of grain.

In the present century the Americans became the world's biggest consumers of uisge beatha—that is, the "real Mackay" that comes from Scotland. And this despite the fact that migrant Scotchmen laid the foundations, generations ago, of a brisk whisky-distilling industry in America itself.

DEMAND

There is still an enormous demand for "Scotch" on the part of citizens of the U.S.A., and Canada. Scottish distillers would be desperately hard hit if there were ever consumer resistance to their whisky across the Atlantic—as there was not so long ago in France, where a dispute with Great Britain as a wangle, when certain Parisian shopkeepers and cafe proprietors made themselves appear ridiculous in Scotland and England by the stupid assertion that "Scotch" was "English."

There is a saying in the trade that whisky is as temperamental as a woman. Blenders and distillers are prone to quote this, and have illustrated it with a number of examples—one being the fact that if whisky should pick up impurities of copper or iron from pipe-systems, it is a ratio of more than one part in a million, it will be spoiled.

That is why it is important news that one very large company has overcome the problem by installing, on the advice of their laboratory researchers, £10,000 worth of visible-flow glass piping. The piping covers a length of three miles, which is a lot of glass.

Scotland lays claims to having originated whisky, though the Irish say that uisge beatha, like the Gaelic language, was first concocted in the Emerald Isle.

On the other hand, the Chinese were making a comparable drink more than two thousand years back, but not from malted barley (as in Scotland and Ireland), and

not from maize or rye (as in America). The cereal used by the Chinese was rice.

Incidentally, there is small risk of any interruption in the production of Scotch whisky due to a shortage of grain in Scotland nowadays.

A considerable amount of the barley used in the distilling of Scotch in this mid-twentieth century comes from Australia.

Traditionally, Scotch is matured in sherry casks imported from Spain, but latterly there have been shortages of these, and America has supplied barrels to meet the requirements of Scottish distillers—and the requirements of U.S. interests which have begun operating in the Scottish Highlands.

The manufacture of whisky, of course, is strictly controlled and hedged-around with legislation. Nevertheless law-breakers continue to turn out tax-free liquor from illicit stills.

On the less serious side, there is the story of a bunch of beyond-the-law whisky-makers who were active in an American city during Prohibition days.

LUSH PARK

They chose a lush park as a dumping-ground for a quantity of "mash" or waste matter from their illicit stills . . . and before long many of the habits of the park were crazy-drunk.

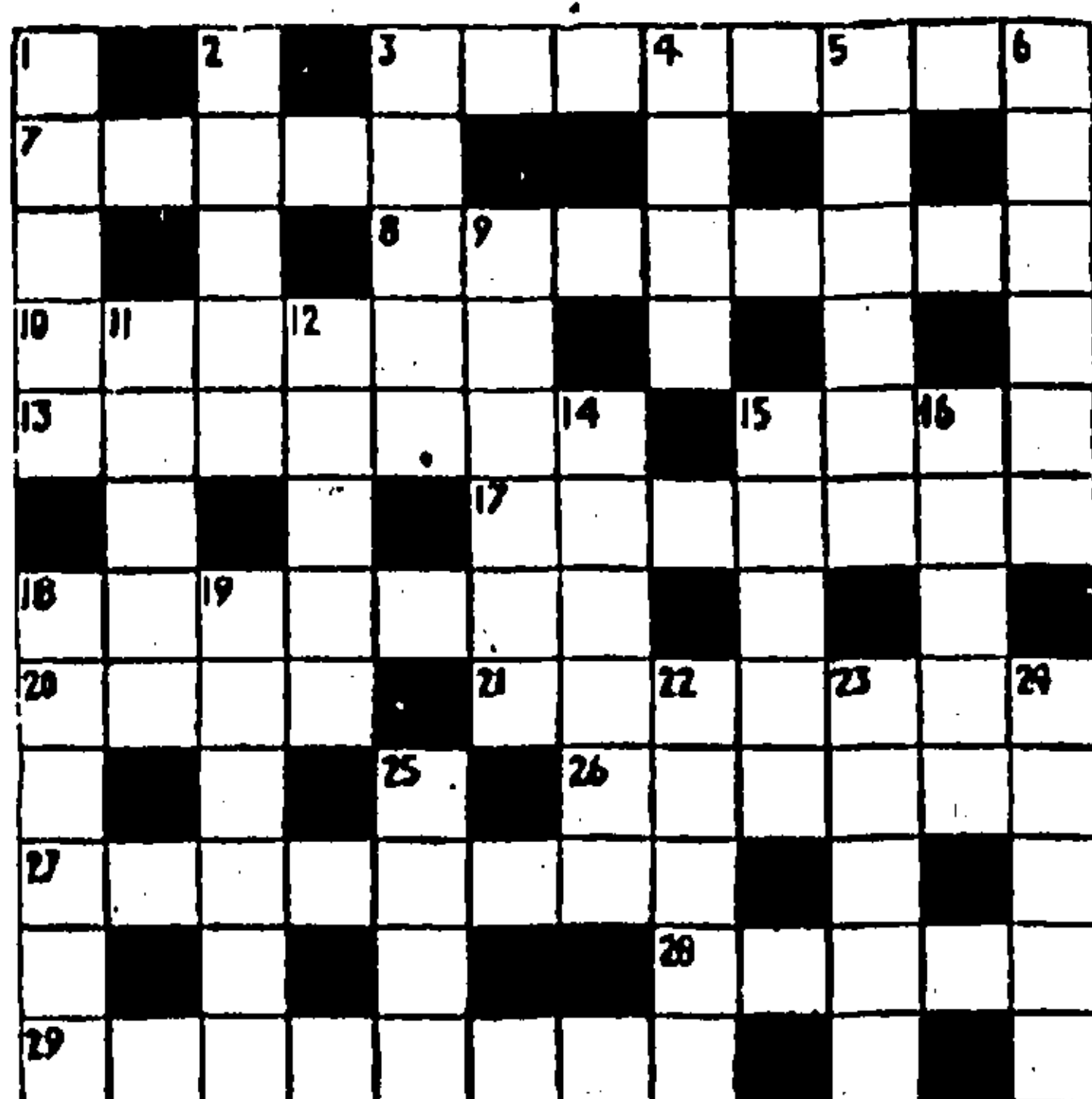
No, not citizens, but birds and rodents who frequented it and who had been quick to sample the mess of alcohol-saturated grain.

It seems the park-attendants had a memorable time of it watching the confused antics of the tipsy wild life.

And from Scotland comes the story of two co-operative Highlanders who led revenue officials to a dilapidated make-shift still in a quiet glen, and thereby became entitled to a substantial reward which had been offered for information on the location of any illicit whisky-making plant.

The make-shift still was carried off in triumph by the revenue men, and the bounty was duly paid. With the reward-money, the two worthy Highlanders bought brand-new equipment and went back to their unlawful occupation of whisky-making in another quiet glen . . .

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 3 Provides more drinks and withdraws (5).
- 7 Hotel rebuilt for the use of oursmen (5).
- 8 Can be maintained (8).
- 10 Solid lump of dripping, so to speak (6).
- 13 Abandons life under canvas? (7).
- 15 Game culling for immediate decision (4).
- 17 Battles or deeds (7).
- 18 She was attached to Portia (7).
- 20 It may be bowed down to (4).
- 21 Senator's treachery (7).
- 26 You'll find sin in this gambling den (6).
- 27 Greets heartily (6).
- 28 Leave with marriage in mind? (6).
- 29 They're not steady on their feet (8).

DOWN

- 1 Remained, we hear, quite sober! (5).
- 2 Musical pick-me-up (5).
- 3 Territory, mainly actually existing (5).
- 4 Disorderly old party (4).
- 5 Pink and white specimen (6).
- 6 Black meat (6).
- 9 A good meal (5).
- 11 Yielded (5).
- 12 Carp (but not fish) (5).
- 14 In short supply (6).
- 15 Silal man (6).
- 16 Mr. Dollin? (5).
- 18 More (6).
- 19 Flatulent. Like a cricket pitch? (6).
- 22 Relaxes the tension (5).
- 23 Simply a nursery-rhyme character (6).
- 24 Observed it could describe a piano (6).
- 25 Real hard work (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Collar, 8 Right, 9 Remit, 10 Drafts, 16 V-amt, 21 Spot, 22 Crib, 23 Forty-eight, 26 Scotch, 28 Glean, 29 S-U-B-A-N, 23 Erer, 23 Shark, 25 Glasco, 26 Onsked, 27 Argue, 28 Dolla, 29 Seneca. Down: 1 Codicils, 2 Leavings, 3 Arts, 4 Respect, 5 Riviera, 6 Italia, 7 Hunch, 14 Gheridine, 15 Tearless, 16 Senhora, 17 Onerous, 19 Rasoul, 21 Unit-E, 24 Kneec.

DID IT HAPPEN? . . . another story in the series that keeps you guessing

The man who made things happen

HIS voice was rather tremulous, with a trace of stammer. It came over the telephone to me when I was News Editor of The Daily . . .

The voice said: "Th-this is Barnes of the Ludden-forth Weekly News. I can give you a rail smash, about tw-twenty killed and a lot injured. You'll have it before anybody else. You see, I was in it."

I had his name checked while I cross-examined him. Yes, he was all right; he'd recently succeeded another man as our local correspondent. It was a very good story—told you just what it felt like to be in a crash; and he'd talked to the engine-driver, who was unusually distressed because his wife had had a baby that morning—a typical Barnes touch, as I was to learn.

Inner fire

He came to see me a few days later. Could I give him a job, thought he'd been on a local paper long enough. He was both shy and determined, looked fragile, eyes too large, chin too pointed, hands too pale and slender, ears rather prominent.

Altogether he looked as a man might who's burned up by some inner fire. I took him on. "Of course," I said, "I shan't expect you to be on every train that gets itself into a 'smash.' He flushed, looked awkward, achieved a grin, said nothing.

If newspapermen are ever born, he was. He wouldn't go home. His own work finished, he'd go along with a senior man on a job for the fun of it. He'd a passion for ships, too, and would, in spare moments, wander round the docks. One day he told me about a trawler that men were saying oughtn't to go to sea—too far down by the head—if she went and struck foul weather she wouldn't return.

New ship

We didn't, of course, print that—but it proved quite true. Next, he'd a story of a brand new ship in which, before she sailed, voices were heard from the crew's nest when the crew's nest was empty. We did print that—statements from her first officer and the bosun; and she was in collision on her first voyage.

Another of Barnes's passions was the university. "These

students are tomorrow, aren't they?" he'd say. "What was really behind that science student committing suicide? What are these chaps thinking and saying, privately, I mean, robbed of eyewash?" So he trotted round at odd times.

Exclusives

When the Vice-Chancellor had a seizure crossing the quad, Barnes helped to carry him up to his room, heard his last words—"Go forward. Never despair." That was one of the first news stories of Barnes's that we put his name on.

Our rivals began, pretty seriously, to try to find out in advance what Barnes was covering. It was a Press Club joke—"Where the hell's that man Barnes tonight? Who's watching him?"

There was chaff in our own reporters' room, too. "Here comes the news magnet," Swift would say. Once I heard Webster add: "Magnet? He's a bloody little beast, aren't you old boys?—sold yourself body and soul for news. When's Old Nick coming to claim his own?"

A masterpiece

Armistice Day was upon us, and I sent him to a coalmine to describe how the two minutes' silence was kept half a mile down.

When he was entering the cage to come up, an explosion occurred in a place which was called, I remember 64's deep.

He persuaded them to give him a breathing apparatus and to let him accompany a rescue party. Twenty-four men were trapped. He strove with the rescuers, came up top, telephoned us and went down again; this two or three times. His youth, his courage, his endurance—these won the manager over.

Besides, he was Barnes: he could have charmed a bird out of a tree. Moreover, he could write. His story, in its way, was a little masterpiece. But that wasn't the end of his luck—if that is what it was. When he paid an off-duty visit to the circus, a tiger mauled its trainer and a trapeze artist fell, breaking his leg.

Again, when the Bishop celebrated his Jubilee and Barnes interviewed him, he lunched, unexpectedly, an attack on municipal corruption.



THE TWO NOAHS



He began to be capricious, and nervous because his wife wasn't sleeping well.

☆ An anticipation of events? A gift for being in the right place? There was certainly something strange about the new reporter . . .



by JAMES L. HODSON

JAMES LANSDALE HODSON has spent 40 years writing for and about newspapers. For five years he was editor of the northern edition of a London daily, and he has written at least five novels which deal with newspaper life.

In the 1914-18 war he was an infantryman, in the second a correspondent in France, North Africa and Burma.

Return to the Wood, his most recent book, is a war novel. He lives at Blackheath.

me: "But it doesn't happen to anybody else."

He wasn't satisfied. And I wasn't sure I was altogether satisfied, either.

He began to be capricious, nervous, liked. He said he wasn't sleeping well—I would I put him on late duty which would keep him up till 3 or 4 a.m.—he'd be better tiring himself out. I said I was thinking of the opposite for him a rest. But that upset him, he saw it as giving in.

So I allowed him to have his way. And the spate went on: in the small hours a suicide in the principal hotel; a policeman shot when chasing a cat burglar; a terrible fire at the gas-works with people living near by evacuated in night clothes. More striking events happened during his first week of late duty than in the preceding month.

A suicide

Then came the last ordeal—the disaster in the river; a collier collided with the Irish packet, Shamrock, on a night of fog and snow.

Barnes persuaded the police boat to take him out. He tried to leap aboard the half-sunk passenger boat, missed and fell in the river; was pulled out on to the Shamrock, partially revived, talked to the captain and injured passengers and, with a note of some casualties, dead and injured, managed to get back to the landing stage on a tug.

Queer look

"Of course it would," I said firmly. "Absolutely fantastic." "Yes," he said; but a moment later as much to himself as to

News flash

About the time he was due to return I was at my desk sipping my tea. The telephone buzzed. "Call from Rome coming through," said the switchboard. But the line went wrong and we could make nothing of it. It crossed my mind it might be Barnes, but of course it might have been someone else.

Later in the afternoon a news flash came in: an aircraft which had left Rome 1430 hours was missing over the sea; search proceeding. I had a horrible feeling that Barnes might be a passenger. He was. There were no survivors.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put a tick against your choice in the space above. (The answer is on Page 18). —(London Express Service).

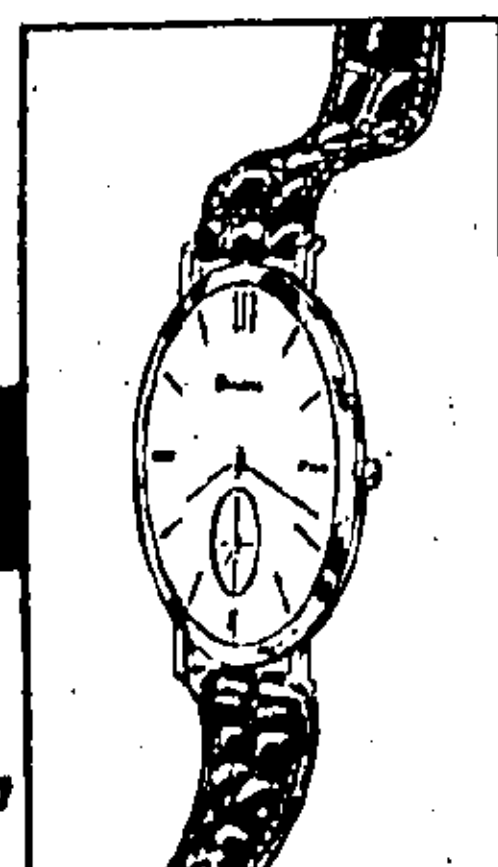
BULOVA

WATCHES OF DISTINCTION



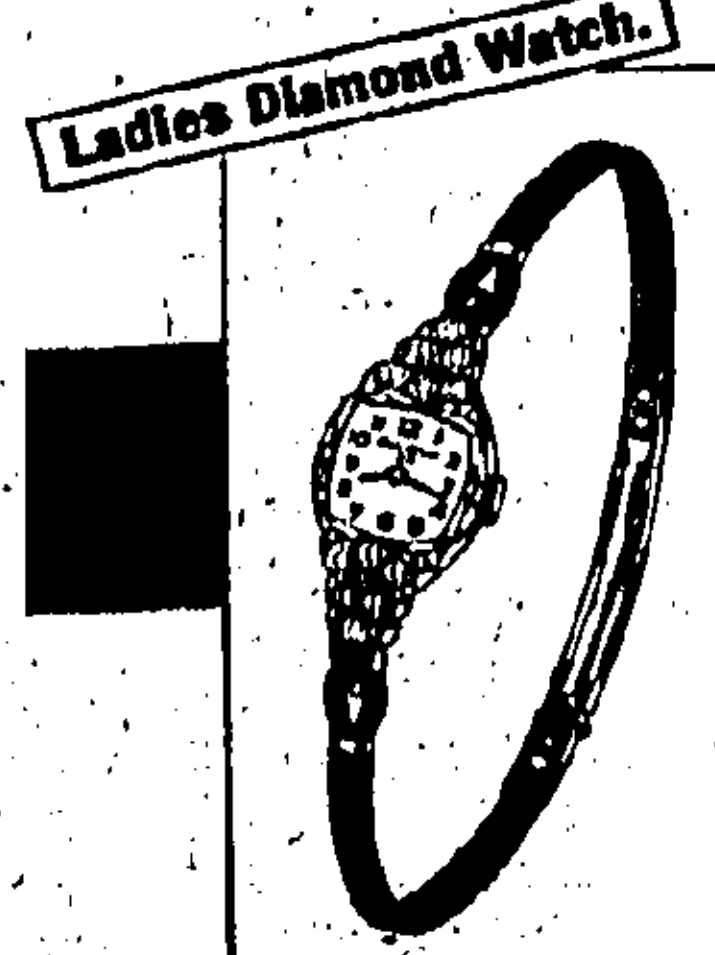
The "SEA KING"

17 jewels, 10 carat rolled gold plate, steel back, waterproof, shock-resistant, unbreakable mainspring, gold colored dial.



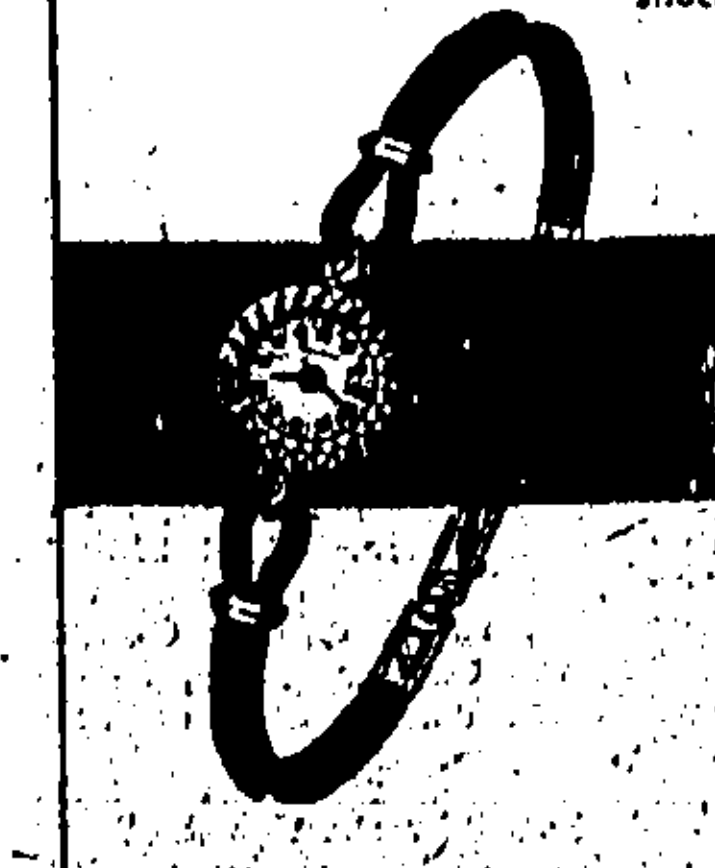
"PRESIDENT"

New miracle of THIN watch design. 17 jewels, unbreakable mainspring, shock resistant.

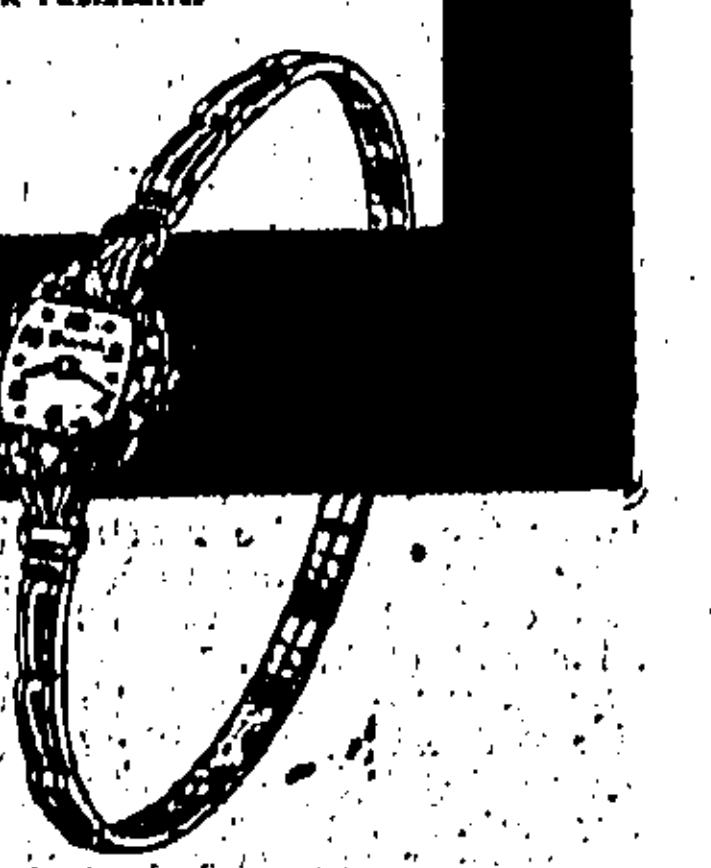


Ladies Diamond Watch

"LA PETITE" 12 diamonds, 23 jewels, 14 carat gold.



"BALLERINA" 14 carat gold, 17 jewels.



"MISS AMERICA" 17 jewels, unbreakable mainspring.

The waves close over the great ship that had been a nation's pride . . .

The man who woke alone in a sinking ship

FROM the bridge of the Andrea Doria Captain Piero Calamai watched the rescue operation move into its final stages. The ship—only a few hours ago the pride of Italy's merchant navy—was now hovering at an angle of 33 degrees from upright. But at least she was remaining afloat, heroically struggling against death as each minute ticked away.

Around the ship lifeboats plied a busy traffic. And Calamai, looking down on the sloping decks, saw little dark figures, each a person, climbing over the side and down into the boats.

Screams and cries still pierced the night air, but now they were heard only occasionally.

Calamai could hear the splash of those leaping from the ship into the oily, debris-laden water, but these too were less frequent than before.

'See my family'

In the wheelhouse there were times of deathly still when nearly everyone was away from the nerve centre of the ship, carrying out the captain's orders.

During one of these lulls Captain Calamai approached Second Officer Bindano, took him by the arm, and said softly: "If you are saved maybe you can reach Genoa and see my family. . . . Tell them I did everything I could."

Bindano, an ingenious young man, did not comprehend the meaning of the older man's words. "Look," he said, pointing to the ship, "we're lost. We've lost the ship, yes, but I am sure if they can save one they can save two." Captain Calamai said nothing. "If I can be saved, you too can be saved," Bindano asked. The captain nodded sadly and walked away.

★ ★ ★

As the hours had slowly slipped by, the scene on the Andrea Doria gradually changed. The rush to escape flung to a general reluctance towards leaving the ship at all.

Women hung back, insisting that men go first. The crew had to cajole, coerce, and physically force passengers, some men as well as women, to trust their lives to a ladder, a rope, or a cargo net.

From various lifeboats, sailors climbed up the decks to round up survivors.

Deserted

One of those reluctant to go was a 13-year-old boy, Peter Theriot. His parents had been travelling in suite 180, one of the four specially designed luxury suites, but had been able to book only one of the suites.

At 10 o'clock, after they had finished playing at the ship's horse races, Peter's father, business manager of the San Francisco Chronicle, escorted Peter to the boy's cabin and said good-night.

Then Mr Theriot walked across a foyer to his own cabin, where he and Mrs Theriot retired half an hour later. The collision barely awakened the boy. He rubbed his eyes, put on some clothes, looked out into the corridor, saw nothing, and went back to his bed.

He failed to see that the foyer near his cabin was heaped with rubble.

When he woke later he realised his whole cabin was tilting, and the ship's engines had stopped. He dressed quickly and went in search of his parents.

Picking his way over the rubble in the foyer he reached the corridor leading to his parents' cabin, but a smashed wall blocked his way.

Seeking another route, he climbed two decks up and asked for help among the people on the promenade deck, but everyone seemed too busy and distraught to make much sense to him.

Peter returned to his cabin for his lifejacket. The floor was covered with oil and water as he found his way to his cabin.

On the bridge of the doomed, sinking liner Andrea Doria the few officers still left aboard held their final conference before abandoning ship. "All passengers have gone" reported the captain's deputy. But, unknown to him, one other man was groping as if in a nightmare across the flooded decks below.

COLLISION COURSE

by ALVIN MOSCOW

He hoped to find his parents waiting for him there, but the room was empty.

Tying a lifejacket around him, he set out once again for cabin 180 where he still hoped to find his mother and father.

He made two further attempts to reach their cabin. First he circled ahead of the collision area and tried another stairway. But again he found his way blocked. No one had seen either his mother or father.

Again and again he was told, "They must be around somewhere."

Peter plainly repeated his inquiry to Morris Keil, a New Orleans antique dealer with whom he had made friends during the voyage.

"How about some plumbing?" Keil suggested, trying to cheer the boy up.

"No, thank you," Peter said politely as he walked on. "I'll just continue to look."

He made his way along the Boat Deck to the bow of the ship and then down to the Foyer Deck and the corridor which would lead to Cabin 180.

The Foyer Deck, when he reached it, was flooded with water above his ankles. He slashed through the deserted corridor to a point where he could see a section of his parents' cabin.

A heavy clutter and smaller wreckage blocked the doorway. Beyond, Peter thought he saw the night sky where the outboard wall of the cabin should have been.

Yet, to this thirteen-year-old boy, this was not proof that his parents were dead. He continued his search on the decks above crowded with people.

Finally, with the ship rapidly emptying, he was persuaded to leave with a couple who repeated what he had been told so many times before, that his parents must have already left the ship.

Silence . . .

Peter doubted that greatly, but his mind could not comprehend any alternative.

Only when he was in a lifeboat on the way to the Ile de France did Peter Theriot, looking back at the doomed liner, see the true location of the point of collision.

Then he realised he would never see his father and mother again.

With the decks at last cleared of passengers, Captain Calamai issued the order for the crew to abandon ship, asking for volunteers to remain on board until the arrival of the Coast Guard tugboats.

Forty stayed at first, but this number dwindled as the men were released. The ship became as still as an empty graveyard.

Finally 12 men remained on the Andrea Doria. The senior officers, including Staff Captain Magagnoli, Chief Officer Oneto, and First Officer Kiri, held their final conference on the bridge.

The younger men sat at a respectful distance from the

The book, *Collision Course*, from which this series is adapted, will be published in Britain by Longmans.

senior officers. Quiet prevailed. The bridge clock pointed to five in the morning.

The list was close to 40 degrees. The conference was conducted in low, soft voices, hardly breaking the aura of silence on the deserted, dying ship.

The senior officers reviewed the situation: the extent of flooding below decks, the list, the expected Coast Guard tugboats, how much time was left, the abandoning of ship.

Captain Magagnoli reported to Captain Calamai that all passengers were off the ship, and that all accessible cabins had been searched.

The sleeper

In this, he was relaying information from the purser officers, who in turn were relaying reports from stewards, who had made various checks.

But there had been no systematic search. Some stewards had looked into the cabins at their stations; others had not.

Probably at the very moment that the staff captain was reporting that all cabins had been cleared, Robert Lee Hudson woke up.

Hudson was an American sailor, but he had no duties aboard the Andrea Doria. He was on the payroll of an American steamship company, and had injured his back on a previous journey.

His company had arranged for him to travel home from Gibraltar in the Andrea Doria. He had been given a bed in the men's ward of the ship's hospital. There he slept peacefully through the whole night.

Now he woke alone in the pitch black hospital room. He had the odd sensation that he had been sleeping on the wall. It was like the start of a weird, vivid dream.

He climbed uphill across his bed, easing himself off the bed until his feet touched the floor.

He groped his way to the corridor and looked down the long, empty hallway. All was still and deserted and it took several moments for him to realise where he was and what must have happened.

It seemed to him he was alone in an empty, sinking ship.

In a dream?

Water was rising in the cross corridors to the high side of A-Deck. The low side of A-Deck was under water. Hudson looked down at his body clad in white pyjamas and seriously wondered whether he was dreaming or had actually awakened to this.

"Is anybody here?" Hudson screamed, and he heard his voice travel down the empty, silent corridor.

"Help!" he called at the top of his voice, but there was no answer.

He stumbled down the corridor with the sensation that he was walking more on the walls than on the floor. He groped his way up the stairs to the open deck and breathed deeply of the salty, early morning air.

From the empty high side of the stern, he slid down the deck to the starboard side. But the last of the crew already had gone forward to the bridge. Hudson saw the empty ropes and cargo not over the side of

the ship. In the distance, he noticed several lifeboats.

Dangled

For some reason, he climbed down the cargo net, became entangled, and dangled there until a lifeboat from the Tidewater Oil Company tanker Robert E. Hopkins, which had arrived on the scene not long before, came beneath the net.

The tanker's chief mate, Eugene Swift, in command of the lifeboat, reached up and grabbed the limp body of Hudson, who seemed to be in a state of shock.

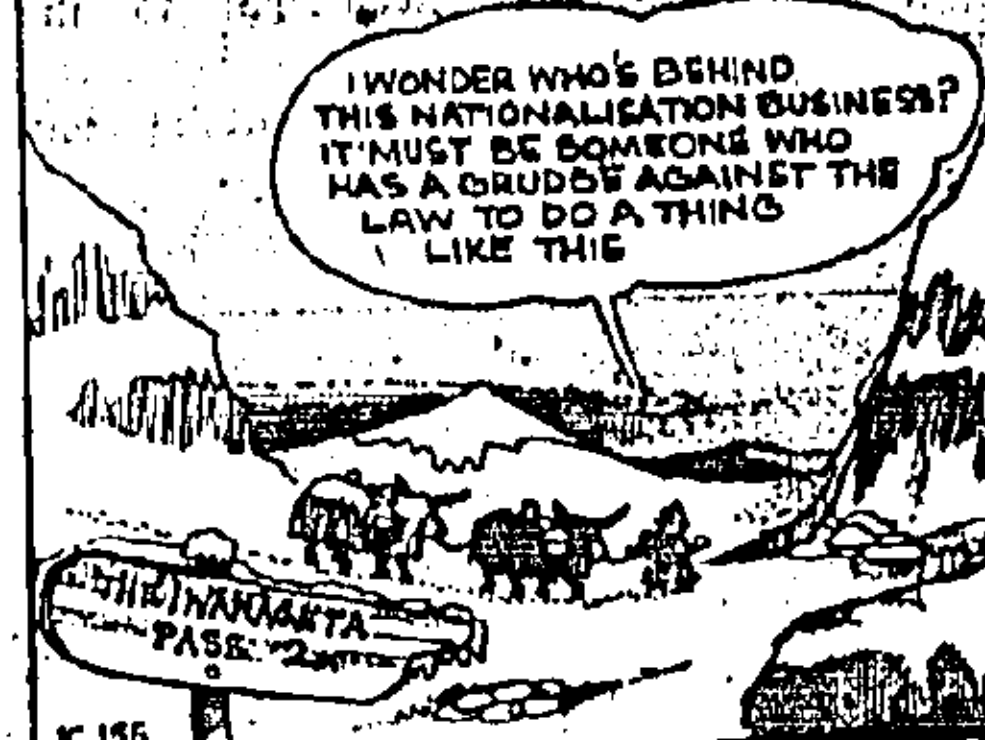
The American sailor was the last passenger to leave the Andrea Doria. He was the only survivor taken aboard the tanker, which had sped 50 miles to the disaster scene. As far as Swift could see, the decks of the listing Italian ship were deserted.

I stay . . .

In the wheelhouse of the Andrea Doria, the officers expressed their opinion to Captain Calamai that the ship had to be abandoned.

FOUR D. JONES . . .

JONES AND HIS TWO WIVES MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE PASS.



by MADDOCKS

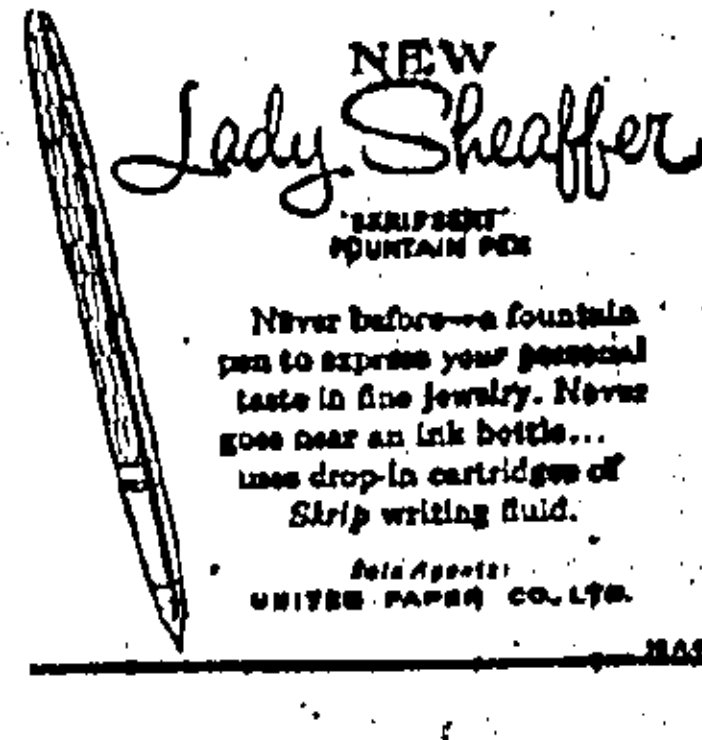
CHARLIE! COME AN' HAVE A SHUFFLE AT THIS LITTLE LOT.



THEY DON'T REALLY THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS DO THEY?

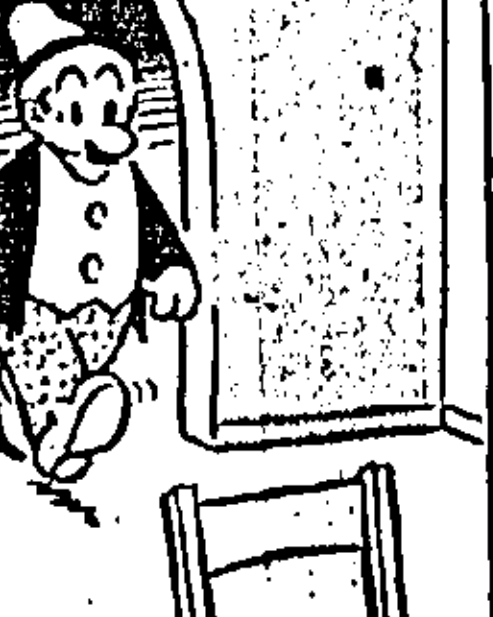


ALLO, YES BOSS, RIGHT? I'VE GOT A LITTLE BLOCK WITH A TRIANGULAR HAT, YEE, YEE, I DO THAT BITE.



FERD'NAND

By Mik



Gourmets prefer



BRICK BRADFORD

By Paul Norris



THE FINEST BEER IN HONG KONG



... A rescue liner sounds the last salute

Down she goes—and her crew weep



A GIRL SAVED... IN VAIN

Norma di Sandro, aged seven, was flown ashore in a helicopter, but never regained consciousness. She was 50th victim of the disaster to die.

(Continued from Page 6)
"Either you come down or we'll all come up."
"Go," said the captain again. "I'll wait for the tugs. If need be, I'll swim out to you. Go..."

Captain Magagnoli climbed up the swaying rope ladder to the deck and told Captain Calamai that the men in the lifeboat all would return aboard unless the commander left.

Too small

The master of the Andrea Doria at last nodded his assent. Magagnoli again went down the ladder so that the master could be the last man to leave his ship. This time Captain Calamai followed him.

It was shortly after 5.30 a.m. The light of the new day was breaking fast. The Andrea Doria was abandoned. The 11 de France, her majestic work of rescue complete, secured her last lifeboat, and at five minutes past six she resumed her interrupted journey. But not before performing one last duty.

She moved slowly in a wide circle around the Andrea Doria, and as the French ship took her leave the Tricolor of France was raised and dipped three times, while at the same time Captain de Bonaventura sounded three prolonged blasts on her steam whistle.

The mournful salute had a tremendous emotional impact upon the exhausted men in the three Andrea Doria lifeboats which bobbed in the choppy sea. Some men wept openly.

In lifeboat No. 11, Captain Calamai sat up forward with Captain Magagnoli. The 20

other men in the boat kept a respectful distance from their commander.

Little was said. It was a time for each of them to think over what had taken place the night before. There was plenty of time to think. The tugs could not be on the scene for hours.

From the decks of the Stockholm, the graceful Swedish liner which had lost her boy in the collision with the Andrea Doria, the sky was scanned constantly for a sign of helicopters requested to evacuate the five critical casualties who had been brought up to the ship's funnel.

At 7.30, two planes were sighted, a large U.S. Air Force craft and a smaller Coast Guard helicopter, escorted by a Coast Guard Albatross seaplane from Nantuxet.

The helicopters swooped down for a look at the deserted Andrea Doria and then came on towards the Stockholm. Both tried to land on the Stockholm's funnel, but this was just too small.

He joked

The men in the two flying beetles then went to work on their specialty, the delicate operation devised in the Second World War and perfected in the Korean conflict, of lowering a stretcher basket to ground or sea level while hovering in the air above.

The Coast Guard helicopter, throbbing in one spot some 20ft. above the Stockholm deck, took aboard Norma di Sandro, the child who had been dropped into a lifeboat from the deck of the Doria. She was still in a

deep coma. Her identity was still unknown.

All 30 Stockholm's injured seamen, was hoisted from the ship next. He appeared to have recovered from the initial shock of the collision.

He had joked with his nurses on the ship about his condition. "Maybe I'm not going to die after all."

But a half-hour before the helicopters arrived, he leaped into a coma. Shortly after the helicopter landed on Nantuxet Island, he died.

One by one the other injured members of the Stockholm's crew were lifted to the Air Force helicopter. Lars Falk, with his broken neck and fractured skull, Wilhelm Gustavsson, bereft of his left eye, and Arne

Smedberg with a brain concussion and shattered right leg. By 8.30 in the morning, 50 minutes after they had come, the two helicopters and the lumbering Albatross roared away.

The United States destroyer Allen came alongside Captain Calamai's lifeboat at 8.30 a.m. The captain politely declined the invitation to go aboard her. He preferred, he said, to wait for the promised Coast Guard tugboats.

Captain Calamai's tortuous vigil came to an end five minutes before nine in the morning when he sighted a small, black-hulled craft with white superstructure, advancing slowly toward him from the north.

The small boat turned out to be the Coast Guard cutter Hornbeam, which had left Woods Hole, Massachusetts, seven hours before.

Impossible

The cutter, equipped with towing equipment, sounded the siren, and came alongside lifeboat No. 11.

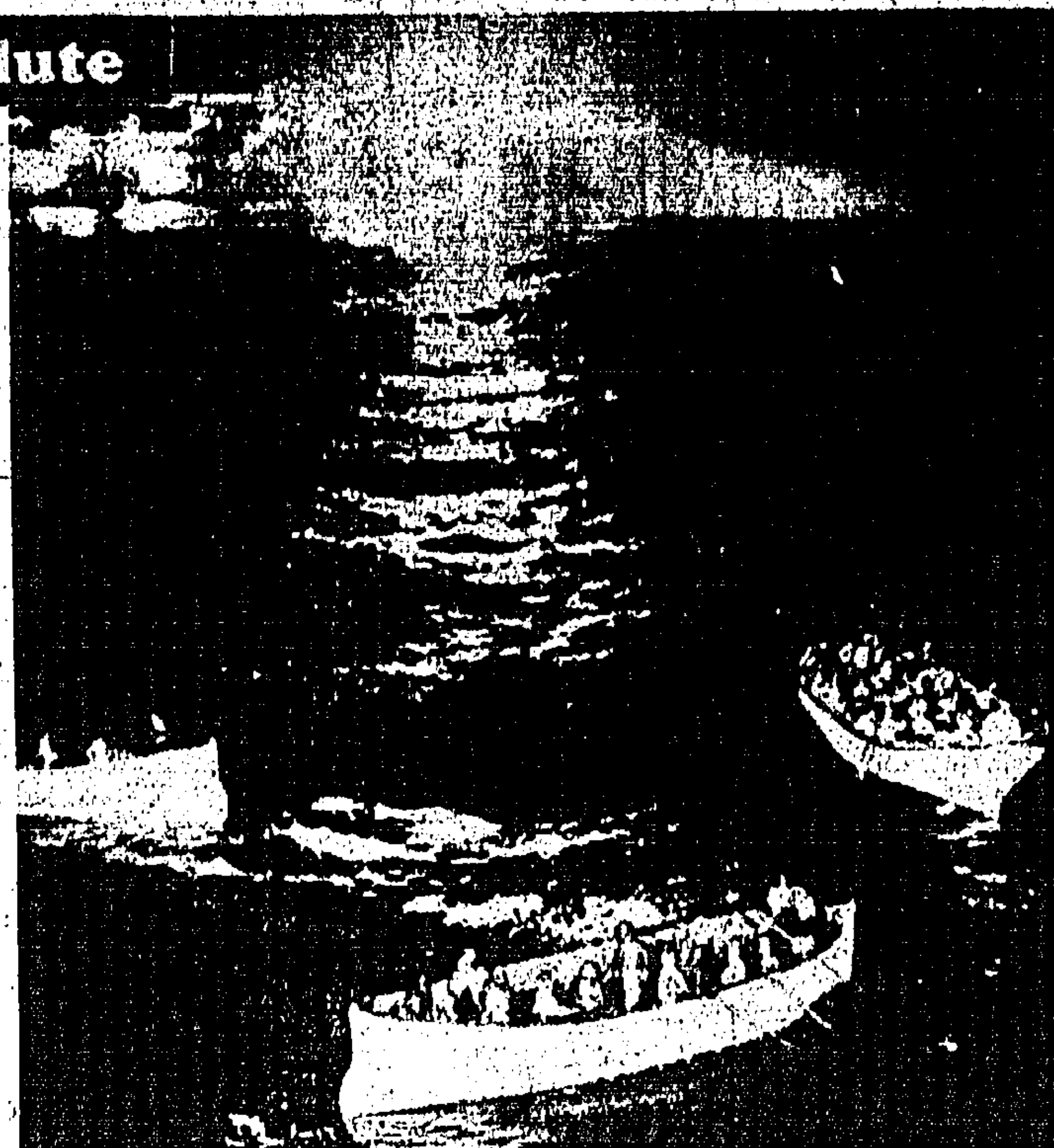
A spark of life fluttered in the haggard face of Piero Calamai. He was helped aboard the cutter and climbed directly to the pilothouse of the small boat to take up the problem of towing with the young lieutenant, Roger F. Erdman, who commanded the Hornbeam.

The other men in lifeboat No. 11 and from lifeboat No. 5 also climbed aboard and accepted steaming hot coffee from the Coast Guard crew.

Thirty-one men in the third lifeboat accepted the hospitality of the Allen, while waiting for word of the outcome of the conference in the pilothouse of the cutter.

The cutter Evergreen, maintaining direct radio contact with the Boston Coast Guard, sent word to its headquarters at 9.20 a.m.: Hornbeam standing by SS Andrea Doria. Picking up 45 crew members from lifeboats, including Master Will, advise possibilities towing vessel.

Back came prompt orders from Boston: Hornbeam should not attempt tow. Italian Lina contacting Merrill, Chapman and Scott and Moran. Towing



BOATS AWAY!

Across the calm dark sea, the lifeboats ferry the Andrea Doria's passengers to the life of France. The ship they have left is still a blaze of light... but she is listing at 30 degrees and nothing can save her.

forty-six men approached the Allen.

Summer sailors in the Naval Reserve, lining the deck railings, watched the approach of the lifeboats and presently noticed a shark skimming the water close behind the last lifeboat.

The shark seemed intent upon one stout member of the crew who was sprawled in the stern of the boat, his arms outstretched on the boat's gunwale and his body leaning outside the boat.

It seemed as if the shark needed only to reach up to seize either of the arms.

The men on the Allen shouted and screamed at the Italian, but he, apparently lost in thought, did not hear them. When, after several moments, he did turn and look at the monster behind him, he leaped to the centre of the boat.

The figures

Last ship of all to leave was the Evergreen. Her final duty was to mark the grave of a fine ship by anchoring a bright yellow 50-gallon drum on the spot: latitude 40-20-30 North, longitude 69-50-36 West.

In terms of numbers, it was the grandest, most successful rescue operation in maritime history.

Of the 4,700 passengers and crew who had been on the Andrea Doria, 43 went down with the ship—all of them killed in the area of the collision.

Of the 1,063 taken off the Andrea Doria, Carl Watres, a jolly business man who had become popular by playing the piano and singing, died of a heart attack while returning to New York.

Four of the Stockholm's crew were killed instantly in the shattered bow, apart from the seaman Johansson, who died after being landed by helicopter.

Little Norma di Sandro, the child who had been dropped into a lifeboat, died without regaining consciousness; and six months later Mrs. Julia Greco, who broke her back in leaving the Andrea Doria, died in hospital. Her death brought the total of dead in the whole disaster to 51.

NEXT WEEK

THE FINAL BATTLE
—IN A COURTROOM
(London Express Service)

Weekend Selection by Friell



"You'd better take half a dozen copies just in case there's a shortage at the week-end."



"As Mr. Butler said, we'll double living standards in twenty-five years—but don't rush us, man, just don't rush us!"



"Better wait and see what happens—at the moment it's just peaceful picketing."

JACOBY on BRIDGE

GORDON KEEL of Vancouver writes "If I had been looking at all the cards I could have opened a diamond and surely beaten the hand but the singleton of my partner's suit was an automatic lead."

"My partner could have shifted to his singleton diamond but he wanted me to lead a spade and since he could read my seven of clubs as a singleton he played a low club which I ruffed."

"The spade lead seemed hopeless to me. I had six of the suit so I led a low diamond. South won in dummy and

NORTH (D)		6
♠	AQ107	
♥	AKQ10	
♦	Q53	
♣	AK	
WEST		
♠	J98532	
♥	K5	
♦	J982	
♣	AK108432	
SOUTH		
♠	AKJ10843	
♥	975	
♦	J9	
♣	J9	
No one vulnerable		
North	East	South
Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠7		

without a moment's hesitation led a heart and finished his luck. I made my unguarded king and a second diamond play gave my partner the ruff for the setting trick. South had lost the hand, by making an un-safety play."

Gordon is right. South would actually have made five if he had simply gone up with the ace of hearts but what is far more important he could not have lost the hand against any combination of cards had he done so.

CHARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1♠ 2♦ 2NT Pass
3♦ Pass ?
You South, hold:
AQK 7985. AQK 8755.
What do you do?
A—Bid three no-trump or four spades. Either bid is satisfactory.

TODAY'S QUESTION
You bid four spades and your partner continues with a bid of five clubs. What do you do now?
Answer on Monday

CURIOUS CHARACTERS: No. 9

He Tricked An Archbishop

THEODORE Hook hated pompous occasions. As Governor of Mauritius in the early 19th century, he invited the island's top people to his dinners and served bizarre dishes, pretending they were the rarest delicacies.

On one occasion, his unsuspecting guests were fed curried cat, devilled monkey, fried snakes, and grilled lizards.

In Hook's five years of office the public finances of Mauritius became so chaotic that auditors, working day and night, never got within £12,000 of balancing the books.

EMBARRASSING

Back in England, Hook persisted with his embarrassing ways. In London's Strand one day, he walked up to an important and pompous man, prodded him with his walking stick and asked gravely: "Your pardon, sir, but may I ask, are you anybody in particular?"

But his practical jokes were famous. He had a

passion for collecting objects—any objects. An enormous wooden replica of a Highlander in front of a tobaccoist's so took his fancy that one foggy night he threw a large cloak over it, and called a drayman. "My friend is a little tipsy," he explained as the cab drove off.

Hook's most elaborate house caused wagonloads of coal, feathers, iron, cranberry tarts and wedding-cakes, the Lord Mayor, the Chairman of the East India Company, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and hundreds of notables to arrive simultaneously at a small house in Brompton Street. By writing 4,000 letters, Hook had arranged for them to be there under different

WHO IS MAC'S SUCCESSOR?

ONCE a year it is the habit of the Conservative members of Parliament to give a complimentary luncheon at the Savoy Hotel to their leader. For some reason the Tory peers are not included in the goodly company but the MP's are there in force.

There is only one speech at the function and that is by the Party leader. And since the Tories happen to be in power just now the Party leader is also the Prime Minister. Yet it seemed to many of us that Macmillan, despite his vaulting spirit, is feeling the strain.

London Letter

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER MP

Today the aeroplane has added immensely to the task of Premiership, especially in Britain. Gone are the days when a Prime Minister from Westminster enjoyed the privilege of an ocean voyage en route to discuss Imperial affairs with the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth or world problems with the President of the United States. There is no time today for the mind or the body to acclimatise itself to the change of the hours.

Therefore it is fairly certain that Harold Macmillan, as he prepares for the coming general election, divides his thoughts between the approaching campaign and his ultimate retirement. I do not mean by these words to suggest that he anticipates defeat at the polls. In fact a Tory victory is as certain as any pre-election prophecy can be.

Such is the lure of public life that there will be no trouble in finding members of the Conservative Party ready and eager to take up the burden of the supreme office. But on whom will the mantle fall when Macmillan eventually retires?

It may seem a strange diversion from my thesis but I am convinced that the appointment of Macmillan's successor to the leadership of the Conservative Party will be determined either by the woman in the case or the lack of a woman in the case. Admittedly this needs elucidation and, therefore, let us now take a look at the available talent for the succession to Macmillan and appraise the feminine factor.

At the moment the favourite in the succession stakes is The Right Honourable Edward Heath, Chief of the Government Whip, and Oxford graduate, Master, Gunner within the Tower of London, and a Privy Councillor. Now it may seem odd that Ted Heath is being touted as the Tory Party's man of destiny because a Conservative never makes a speech in the Chamber. But there is an answer for that. As an undergraduate Heath was President of the Oxford Union which is nearly always a guarantee of future greatness in political life.

Omission

But he has one drawback, and it is serious. He is a bachelor. Admittedly he could remedy this omission for he is a pleasant and attractive fellow when he is not herding his Tory pack into the Division Lobby, but if he insists upon remaining a bachelor he may have to pay the price of celibacy.

At this point you might well ask what has happened to the chances of Lord Butler who is now the Leader of the House as well as being Home Secretary. When Anthony Eden resigned as Prime Minister the succession narrowed down to Lord Butler and Harold Macmillan. The Marquis of Salisbury, as the Tory Leader in the House of Lords, advised the Queen to appoint Butler to the Premiership.

But old man Churchill plumped for Macmillan, and the Queen accepted his advice. Merely as an aside let me remind you that Salisbury, who was virtually ruler of England from the time of the great Elizabeth, was so angry that he resigned and has hardly been heard of since.

So once more we see the power of the female in the affairs of men. It was the Queen who appointed Macmillan and the possibility of Lady Macleod by her decision ended the Coeli regime forever, and probably the deciding factor was that Rob Butler was a widower and therefore, had no consort to share the responsibilities of No. 10 Downing Street.

Now let us consider the chances of Derick Heathcoat

Amory who holds the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He came to high office early in Macmillan's administration when Chancellor Peter Thorneycroft resigned because he would not agree to his proposed cuts in the Welfare State. Thorneycroft was foolish but brave and, being fairly young, he may find his reward in the future—but it will be a distant future.

Bachelor

Then what about Thorneycroft's successor—Heathcoat Amory? Everyone likes a cultured, homely fellow of good middle class family who dearly loves a cup of tea which he himself brews in his fat. Well, what's wrong with that? Nothing, except that he is a bachelor. Thus, so far, we have in the contenders for the Leadership Stakes one widower (Butler) and two bachelors (Ted Heath and Derick Heathcoat Amory). In all three cases there would be no hostess at No. 10 if any of them attained the Party Leadership and the Premiership. But should such considerations make any difference? Logically they should not, but undoubtedly they do.

Well, what about Duncan Sandys who married Sir Winston Churchill's daughter and is today, as Minister of Defence, the Overlord of the three Service Ministers for the Navy, the Army and the Air Force? Sandys is efficient, utterly ruthless and he is a handsome fellow. It has always astonished me how I beat him for the Parliamentary Borough of Wood Green when the local Conservative Association was choosing its candidate for the 1935 election. Quite probably it was because, at that time, I had a wife (whose qualities I shall not proclaim) and he was unmarried.

Then what is to prevent Duncan Sandys being touted as a candidate for No. 10 Downing Street? The answer, cruel as it may seem, is that there are domestic difficulties. But does that matter? What has marriage to do with the problems of defence in a mad atomic world? I cannot give the answer to the question but can only pose it. The people accept Sandys as a Minister of Defence but do not want a Prime Minister separated from his wife.

At this juncture you might well point out that when Sir Anthony Eden was Foreign Secretary he divorced his wife for desertion. All of us who were Eden's friends knew how hard he tried to keep his marriage intact, especially because one of their two sons was shot down and killed in aerial combat. But it was not to be. Happily, however, Eden married Sir Winston Churchill's niece and all was well until Suez and his failing health forced him to resign.

Who are the men most likely to supply the successor to Harold Macmillan when he decides to lay down the double load of Premiership and Party Leadership? Perhaps some of the readers will recall a fairly recent London Letter in which I discussed the qualities and the political possibilities of Lord Macleod whose administration as Minister of Labour, and formidable speeches in the Commons have brought him great influence in Tory circles. He has a first rate brain, he is a first rate administrator, and he has integrity. He works like a

beaver and is tireless in his encouragement to the younger members of the Conservative Party not only in the Commons but in the constituencies. Yet once again the feminine factor intervenes. Unhappily his wife became ill some time ago and has had to be content with an invalid's chair. I believe that she is making a good but slow recovery and may indeed be ultimately restored to full health, but could a woman who was ill for years take on the duties of hostess at No. 10 Downing Street? If good will could cure her—and it can certainly help—the whole country would rejoice.

Therefore let us consider what would happen if (a) The Tories win (b) The Tories lose. In the case of a Tory victory Macmillan would almost certainly curvy on the burden of supreme office for two or three years and then make way for his successor in the Party. If the Tories are defeated Macmillan would probably resign the Party Leadership and retire as per custom to the Upper House, where he would take a well deserved Earl-dom.

Who then would succeed him as Leader of the Tory Party in the Commons and in the country? The brilliant bachelor Chief Whip, Edward Heath? The ruthless Duncan Sandys? Heathcoat Amory brewing his own tea and boiling the eggs for his breakfast? Or will it be Iain Macleod with his tireless energy, his faith and his robust courage?

The Claims

But wait a moment. Why have we not considered the claims of the hard working Selwyn Lloyd who, as Foreign Secretary, flies thousands and thousands of miles to try to bring peace and sanity to a disordered world? Alas! He and his wife are separated, and it is said to see him hurrying home to his flat for a few minutes to see his little daughter.

You might ask what a politician's private life has to do with the conduct of the nation's affairs. The answer is that a Minister of the Crown cannot give a certain balance to his private and his public life. Yet undoubtedly the strain and the long hours of Parliamentary responsibility rob marriage of much of its basic comradeship. Not every woman has the sensibility of Diarrell's wife, when driving to Westminster in their carriage preparatory to an important speech by Dizzy, her finger was caught in the carriage door, and made no sound lest she should break the concentration of her husband. What would you, the women readers do in such a situation? As a lover of peace and concord I herewith declare that you would have behaved exactly as Mrs. Diarrell did.

So to the final question! When the time comes who will succeed Macmillan in the Tory hierarchy? Not the widowed Butler, not the lonely Duncan Sandys, not the unmarried Chancellor of the Exchequer, not the wifeless Foreign Secretary.

In my opinion the finger of fate points to Iain Macleod. If I am right a Scottish Prime Minister will be followed by another Scottish Prime Minister—providing the Tories win the election. And after Mrs. Macleod's long illness there will be joy and tears and dedication in their modest home.



"Matilda! I am not interested in whether you prefer the one you have designed yourself to the regulation uniform—go and change at once."

Ever wonder how those exquisite ivory chess pieces are made? Reporter Elizabeth Fox investigates—and finds the answer...

Skill, patience — and tusks

NOW, if you have a particular desire to keep up with the Jones's over the matter of game of chess—I've got just the thing for you. A chess set to end all chess sets, with an enormous board and chess men about six inches high, all you have to do is buy it, build a special table for it and a room to put it in and there you are.

An established ivory factory on the island have recently opened a branch in Kowloon and this is where you'll find your "Chess set for millionaires," as Mr Wong put it.

Mr Wong runs the business side of this combined showroom and workshop and has many fascinating things to tell me on the subject of ivory and the carving of it.

It all begins thousands of miles away in East Africa, in the Belgian Congo to

be exact, where apparently the elephants have a habit of living for 200 years or so, which is a very long time to wait before collecting the tusks on their demise without bumping them all off beforehand.

Luckily the elephant had thought of this and arranged to shed his tusks every 40 or 50 years thus enabling man to obtain the ivory in enough security to make it interesting.

Young Start

But back to this part of the world. When the tusks eventually arrive in the workshop, they are sorted, weighed, classified as to quality and then chopped up into suitable sizes. The tips which are solid, are used for making figurines and anything substantial and the hollow ends are used for small objects and articles such as bracelets.

The ivory carvers start at the age of 15 and serve an apprenticeship of five years before they can earn anything and even then they are only at the beginning of their knowledge. There is much to learn of this skilled art and often a man who carves animals, which is a specialist subject, may carve animals and nothing but, all his life.

All the buffaloes and bunnies, the fishermen and boats are traditional designs with often an interesting story behind them.

One such figure is that of Fa Mok Lan and I'll tell you her story.

In one of the ancient Chinese dynasties lived a general with an enterprising daughter but no son. Now one day the Emperor summoned the old man before him and commanded him to fight for his country against a neighbouring state.

This made the general very sad because he felt that he was much too old and he had no



With simple tools they carve intricate designs.

son to follow in his footsteps. He knew that he'd lose his head if he refused and he reckoned he'd lose it anyway if he did, so altogether he was in a bit of a fix.

However, up jumped enterprising daughter and said, "Dad—I'll do it!" Alice was at it again. She had a sharp tongue in armed warfare from the general and then, dressed

chuffed about winning the war and everything, that he forgave everyone all round and ever since Fa Mok Lan has been considered quite a god.

If you would like to buy her, this particular statue, which is about 10" high and 300 years old, will cost you \$1,800.

There is no set order about carving a figure like this. It's

The men I watched who have all been carving now for ten years, use very simple and primitive tools, gurnies and chisels and an extraordinary ancient arguable type of drill. When the article has been carved it looks exactly like a piece of wood and it is then polished with a type of leaf to give it that lovely shine that one associates with ivory.

Deep Colour

An attractive piece was a flower boat, rather like a houseboat, with little windows that permitted showing figures and chisels and an extraordinary ancient arguable type of drill. When the article has been carved it looks exactly like a piece of wood and it is then polished with a type of leaf to give it that lovely shine that one associates with ivory.

The older the ivory, the deeper the colour and the more valuable it is. One real ye old I saw, absolutely yellow with age, was a carving of Confucius made out of a whole tusk and leaning gently to one side. 250 years old, it was a mere bagatelle going for \$2,200 and would do nicely for that spare yard or so on your mantelpiece.

By Elizabeth Fox

up as a man, went off to do battle.

It was a dangerous thing to have done because there was a declaration in the land about no lady soldiers and if she had been discovered she would have been for the high jump.

But she fought bravely and won the war, which made the Emperor happy as a sandbag although he still thought it was Master Fa. He sent for him/her for a spot of congratulation and during the ensuing interview everything was disclosed and the secret was out.

But the Emperor was still so

all in the head," said Mr Wong.

"They made a general outline to get the proportions and then carry on as they feel, usually leaving the hat until the end."

The most difficult thing to carve is one of the intricate ivory spheres containing about 24 maps inside, all beautifully carved with delicate tracery patterns.

They all swirl round one inside the other and how on earth they make them must remain a mystery still, because Mr Wong, just wasn't going to divulge anything other than the fact that they take one man working all day long, two months to make.

THE COMICAL GUNMAN

London.

It is not often that an attempted bank robbery ends in smiles. But London was laughing the other day at the case of "The Comical Gunman."

This particular robber, according to the account of Camden Town's (North London) Midland Bank cashier, wore a green, handkerchief on his face and carried a brown paper parcel.

He sidled into the bank, whipped the paper away and pointed its contents—a sawn-off shotgun—at the cashier.

Chicago-style: "Where's the money?"

The mid-cashier dashed for a telephone, passing only to tell cash temperature after another.

The gunman then the money was a startling piece of news came in the strongbox—locked up, from Scotland, near London.

His looked rather nonplussed at that. He adjusted his mask, which had slipped a little, picked up the brown paper from the

counter, and disappeared through the door.

"Very unattractive," remarked a bank customer who had watched it all from a safe corner.

The Coast-A Myth

WIDELY Britain sweltered recently and perspiring

weather men reported one

a startling piece of news came

from Scotland, near London.

His looked rather nonplussed

at that. He adjusted his mask,

which had slipped a little, picked

up the brown paper from the

now have to pay ten shillings

up for the

men

men

men

men

men

men

men

men

men

men

men



"Oh dear! If only there were some discreet bushes in this park..."

London Express Service.

By

Peter

Burgoyne

entrance fee. The fee for women

is still five shillings—to en-

courage them to take up "in-

tourism."

But the heat-wave brought

other problems—not least to

Britain's frustrated car drivers

who, if they want to see the sea,

have to endure the grinding,

snarling traffic queues that choke

Britain's roads.

As car production goes up and

hire purchase becomes easier,

the coast, in terms of time,

remains the same. It is the

distance to the end of the rainbow.

Met-Two sold my car and

leaving gently to one side. 250

years old, it was a mere bagatelle

going for \$2,200 and would do

nicely for that spare yard or so

on your mantelpiece.

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE PLAY IT COOL TALKING POINT

by
Jill Butterfield

LEGS—the prettiest accessory that money can't buy. Long legs, daring below stiffened shirt-waist. Lean legs, dancing in the spotlight of brilliant coloured shoes. Brown legs, sunning smoothly on the beaches... focal point of the summer scene.

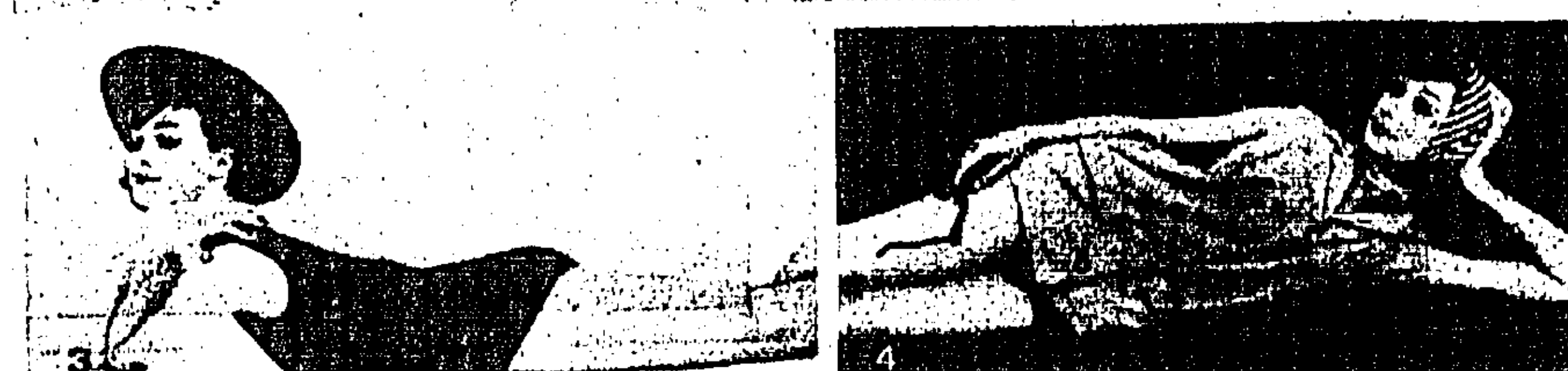
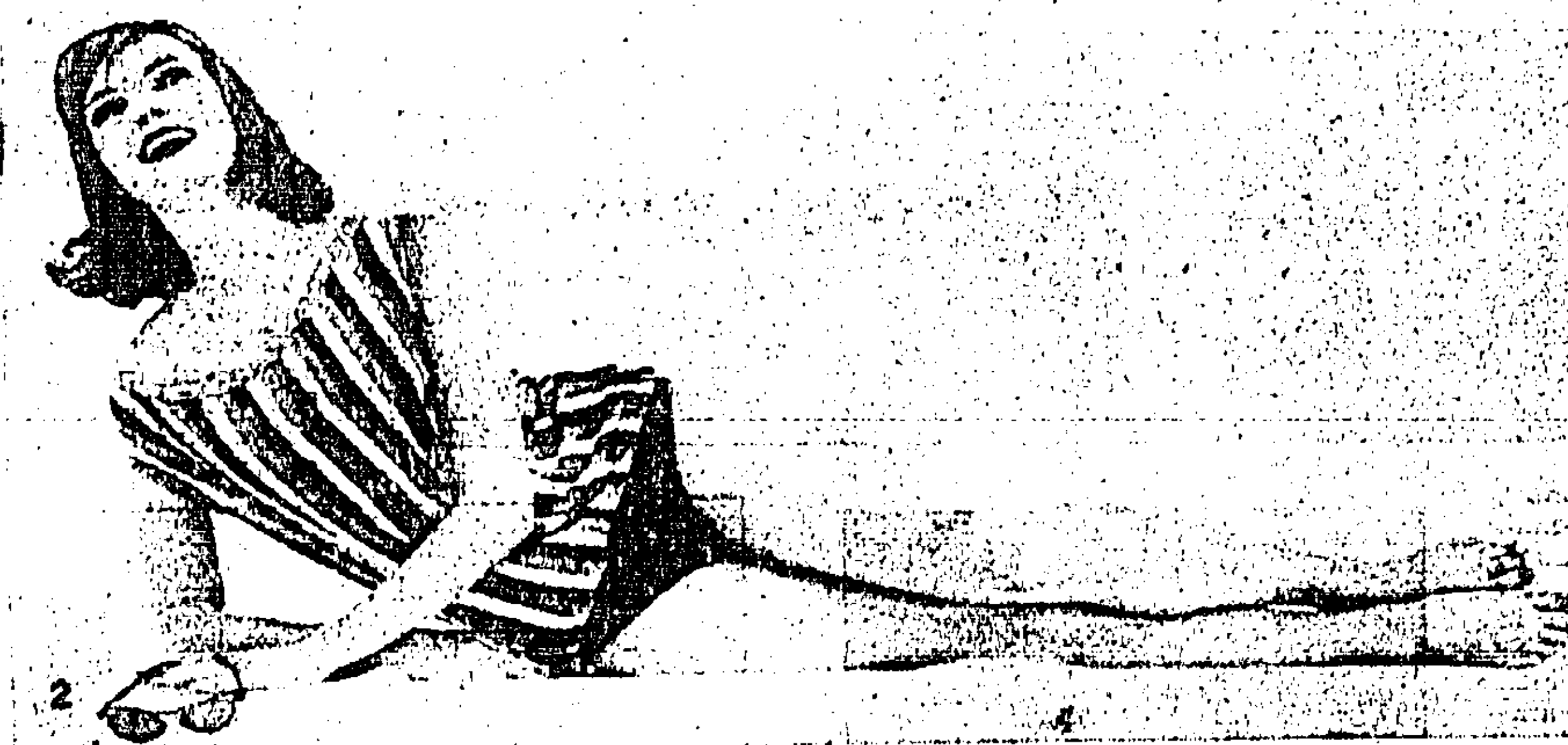
Today, Fashion Page presents the great illusionists—the clothes that catch the eye, and carry it—legwards. The tricks that give you the look—longer-leg, when you're only knee-high to a grasshopper. The best ones are:—

● **AN EVEN TAN**—whether it comes from the sky, from the chemist, or from a pair of seamless, sunny coloured stockings is immaterial, but legs look yards longer, inches slimmer, when they're brown.

● **A BATHING SUIT**—which is out very low at the back, very high at the thigh, making legs look as if they start at hip height.

● **A COVER UP**—which ends where the legs begin, giving them the appeal of being the only thing on view.

● **AN ANSWER** to what to do with pretty legs when swishing summer skirts blow high—cover them in something even prettier. In this case, a pair of ravishing ribbon-slotted pantaloons—flounced and filled, but sleek enough to wear under a straight skirt too.



- 1 White cotton pantaloons, trimmed with broderie anglaise, slotted with ribbon. Topping them: blue cotton shirtwaister with a tucked bodice, a huge billowy skirt.
- 2 Stripes of nasturtium, white and black on a cotton slipover.
- 3 High-legged swimsuit has broad shoulder straps, a deeply bared back. In sapphire blue nylon helanca.
- 4 Deep coral towelling (other colours too) makes a sleeveless cover-up beach jacket.

PICTURES BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS
London Express Service.

By A PSYCHOLOGIST

FOR some time Mr and Mrs Logan have been drifting apart. She feels that if they adopted a baby—they cannot have one of their own—the common interest would draw them together. She knows of a baby boy available for adoption, and they must make up their minds quickly.

Mr Logan's attitude is that she is welcome to adopt a baby if it will make her happy. The baby will not affect him very much either way. Faced with this non-committal attitude, should Mrs Logan—

A Go ahead and adopt, convinced that the baby will bring them together?
B Shelve the question since her husband is obviously not interested and try to develop other points of contact between them?
C Abandon this particular adoption, but persist in her wish and present unhappiness so that her husband comes round to her point of view?

SOLUTION

This question involves not only two people's happiness, adoption again.

Go ahead and adopt, convinced that the baby will bring them together? Shelve the question since her husband is obviously not interested and try to develop other points of contact between them? Abandon this particular adoption, but persist in her wish and present unhappiness so that her husband comes round to her point of view?

It is the right attitude. Mrs Logan should use her energy in trying to share her husband's interests first, and when they are on better terms, talk about adoption again.

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 18

BORN today the stars have been exceptionally generous in handing out the talents. You are energetic, ambitious and dynamic. You go after what you want and usually get it at once. You are far-sighted and have exceptional vision, so that you can make future plans carefully and wisely. Then, when you have the complete blueprint, you follow through in a straight line. You know how to cut through red tape and get exactly what you want. Actually, these aggressive, positive characteristics more aptly describe you than born under this sign, for you are a real go-getter. You are a little less glibly, but you are more retiring than most. You are a real go-getter. You are a little less glibly, but you are more retiring than most. You are a real go-getter. You are a little less glibly, but you are more retiring than most.

SUNDAY, JULY 19

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Full moon. This day can bring increased activity to you along many varying fronts. **LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—Exceptional and unusual conditions may arise during the balance of the month. Be ready to act quickly. **VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Full moon at 10 p.m. brings major changes during the next two weeks. Keep on your toes, ready to act. **LITRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Be on your guard against a false friend. A companion on a matter of principle. You are known as a person of high honour and integrity. You may not be a traditionalist, but come what may, you will stick to what you believe in. You are fond of visiting strange parts of the world. You are good company and have the tact to mix with all kinds of people. You are a good manager and know how to handle your affairs wisely as well as how to give excellent advice to others who may ask for help. Affectionate and loving, you will make a fine partner. You will want your home to be attractive and the centre of social activity in your community. Since you are inclined to take life a little too seriously, it wouldn't hurt for you to cultivate your sense of humour a little more. Among those born on this date are: Hilaire Georges, French painter; Roger Atkinson Pryor, jurist and diplomat; Samuel Colt, firearms inventor and manufacturer; Alexander Dallas Bache, physician; Dr. Charles Horace Mayo, noted surgeon. To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 19

BORN today you have exceptionally keen intuitions which, at times, appear to be psychic in their intensity. Take full advantage of this star-given gift, for if you heed these inner warnings, you will always move in the right directions and seldom, if ever, be in the wrong. You have an active mind, a vivid imagination and an artistic bent. You are an individualist and like to act on your own initiative without being sidetracked from others. Once you get an idea into your head, you are willing to undergo any kind of hardship to make the idea become real. You are not one to make a compromise on a matter of principle. You are known as a person of high honour and integrity. You may not be a traditionalist, but come what may, you will stick to what you believe in. You are fond of visiting strange parts of the world. You are good company and have the tact to mix with all kinds of people. You are a good manager and know how to handle your affairs wisely as well as how to give excellent advice to others who may ask for help. Affectionate and loving, you will make a fine partner. You will want your home to be attractive and the centre of social activity in your community. Since you are inclined to take life a little too seriously, it wouldn't hurt for you to cultivate your sense of humour a little more. Among those born on this date are: Hilaire Georges, French painter; Roger Atkinson Pryor, jurist and diplomat; Samuel Colt, firearms inventor and manufacturer; Alexander Dallas Bache, physician; Dr. Charles Horace Mayo, noted surgeon. To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JULY 20

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Your good day of the week, but it could be compromised if you are not tactful with your associates.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Be alert to avert carelessness when it comes to business matters involving finances. Get a raise!

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A new phase of activity begins today. Be alert to increased job advantages. Get a raise!

LITRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Make sure that you consider all angles of a situation carefully before acting decisively on it.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Domestic conditions may need careful consideration. Avoid any possible risk-taking at this time.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Stand up your job, career or vocational prospects. Be vigorous in asking for what you want.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 23)—Be on your guard against a possible financial loss today and tomorrow. Keep a level head.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 24-Feb. 23)—Put everything to the test today before making any decision. Good judgment pays off.

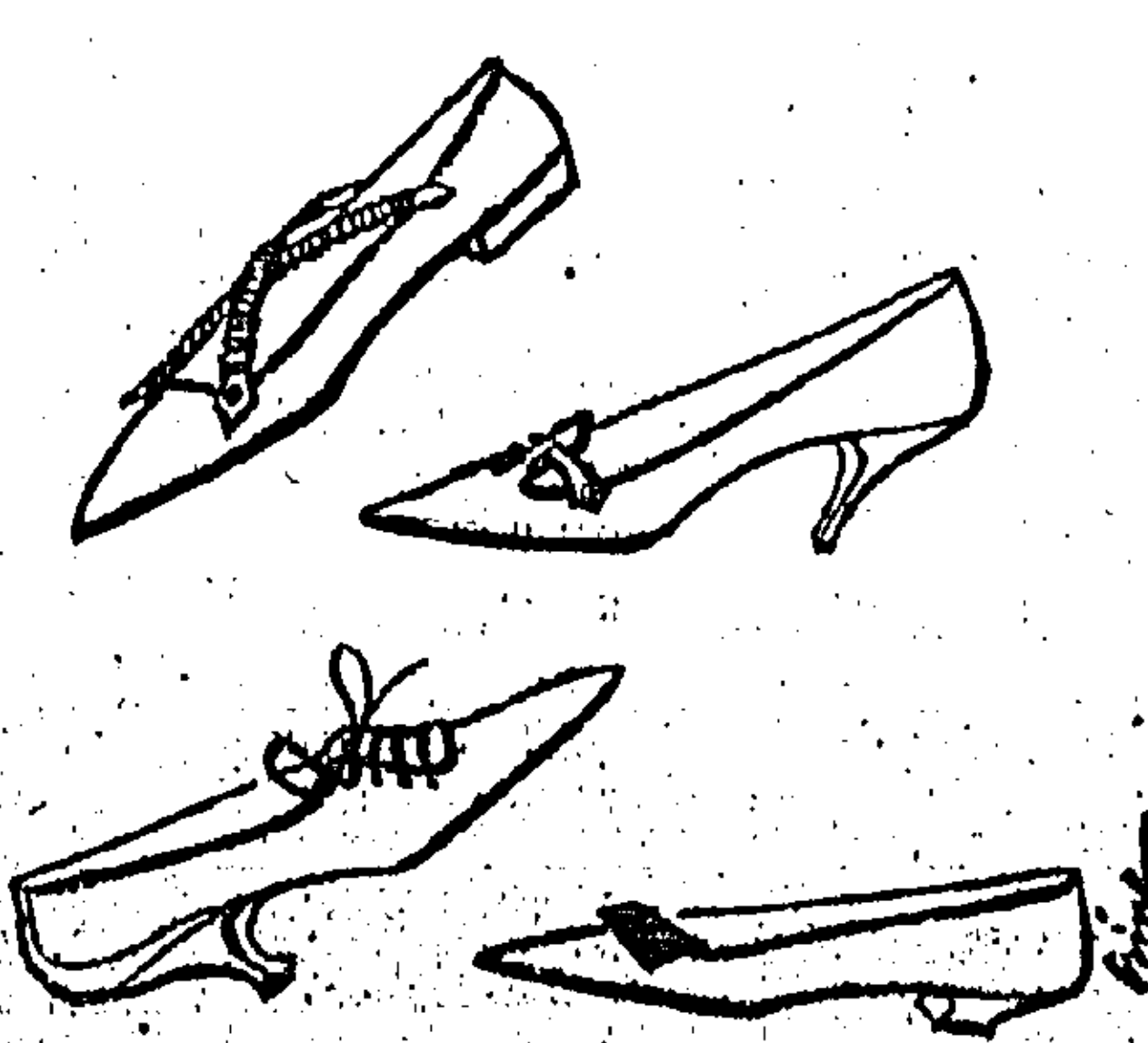
PISCES (Feb. 24-Mar. 23)—There may be increased activity and perhaps some tension in today's prospects. Remain calm.

ARIES (Mar. 24-Apr. 23)—Be alert to any possible error, this morning. Check details carefully. Then go ahead with the job.

Taurus (Apr. 24-May 23)—Two days when there could be a change of view in judgment unless you are especially starved.

Gemini (May 24-June 23)—There can be minor adjustments to your plans. But, keep a level head and all goes well with you.

These Are The Newest In Shoes



EGGS FOR ALL

EGGS may be served at any meal and in a variety of ways. Probably no other single article of food can be utilised in a greater number of dishes and the secret of success in cooking eggs and dishes in which eggs predominate, is to cook slowly at moderate, even heat.

BREAKFAST

Eggs Benedict

Toast slices of bread and place on each piece of toast a thin slice of cooked ham or crisp cooked bacon. On top of the bacon place a poached egg and cover with hot Hollandaise sauce.

LUNCHEON

Baked Eggs in Tomato Cups
Scoop out the centres of large firm, ripe tomatoes. Sprinkle

the tomato cups lightly on the inside with salt and dot with butter. Break an egg into each tomato, sprinkle with salt, pepper and fine bread crumbs, and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until the tomato skins are slightly wrinkled.

DINNER

Curried Eggs

4 eggs, 4 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk and 3 cups cooked rice.

Boil the eggs hard. Make a sauce as follows: Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the green pepper, onion and celery and cook for 2 or 3 minutes. Stir into this the curry and the flour, mix well and add the cold milk. Cook for 3 or 4 minutes, stirring constantly.

Make a bed of the hot sticky rice on a hot platter. Arrange over it the hard cooked eggs cut in quarters, and pour the hot sauce over the eggs and rice. Sprinkle the top with chopped parsley and serve at once.

SUPPER

Sardine Eggs

4 Hard boiled eggs, 2 oz. butter, a little vinegar, 1 dessertspoon of sardine paste, cayenne, pepper. Salt and small olives. Cut the eggs in halves across, remove the yolks and cut a small piece of the white off so that you should have like little cups. Put the yolks into a basin with the butter, sardine paste and seasoning and pound some of the mixture and fill up the egg cups with the remainder. Serve very cold with salads. Tinned sardines may be used instead of the sardine paste.



What makes a woman magnetic?



Helena Rubinstein
real Silk Face Powder

HELENA RUBINSTEIN created real Silk Face Powder from pure atomised silk—because skin and silk have a natural affinity. Both are living substances strongly magnetic to each other. That is why real Silk Face Powder has a cling that simply cannot be equalled! AND for dry skins—Helena Rubinstein's Silk Face Powder Special—formulated to retain moisture, cling longer. Real Silk Face Powder comes in 9 flattering skin-tones, including enchanting new Bed of Roses.

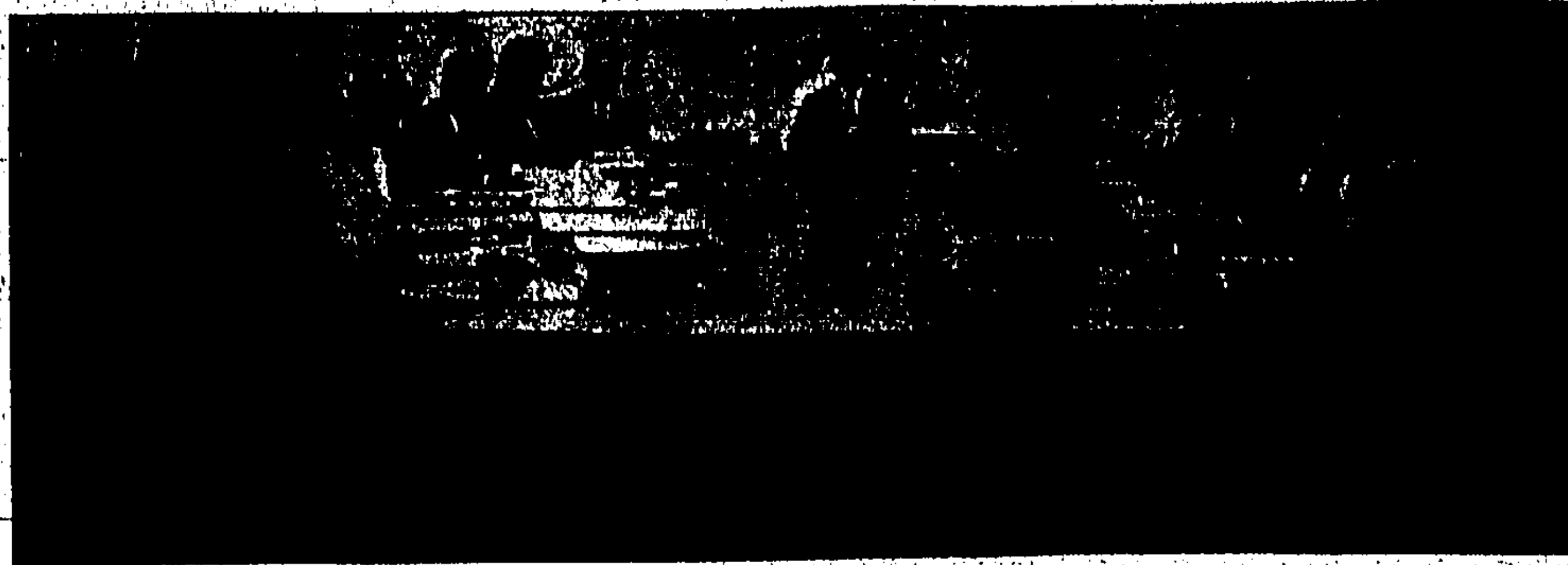
Free Consultations:

Salon d'Or

NOW—NEW ADDRESS:
117, CHINA BUILDING 1st FLOOR
QUEEN'S ROAD, C. HONG KONG



ABOVE: Lovely Hong-kong film actress Grace Chang strikes a pose for amateur photographers who flocked to the Riviera Garden to 'shoot' the bevy of actresses who gathered there to pose for them. The event, a yearly one, is organised by a Chinese newspaper.



ABOVE: A striking photograph taken at the first meeting of the Urban Council in the new Council Chamber, West Wing of the Central Government Offices, last week. —(H.K. Govt. Information Service).



BELOW: Mrs Alice Chen describes her painting technique during the American Women's Association monthly meeting held this week.



ABOVE: Scene in a classroom during the Glenside Junior School "Open Day" held last Saturday. A teacher, Mrs Clare Simson, is seen third from left, chatting with parents.

BELOW: At the opening of the new Air France offices, Peninsula Hotel, this week (l-r): Mr A. J. Gassier, Mr A. de Comminges (the Airline's acting Traffic and Sales Manager), Mr P. Wood and Mr Fred Lillywhite.



ABOVE: Dr H.C. Wu and his bride, the former Miss Dorcas Chan Miu-kwan, pose with the groom's parents after their wedding at St John's Cathedral last week.

BELOW: Eight winners of the Cadbury-Fry Essay Competition were presented last week with a parcel of Cadbury chocolates each at St Mary's School. The presentation was made by Mr John Walker, for the agents of the chocolate company, supported by Mrs B. Church of the APB Ltd.

ABOVE: Famous opera star, Blanche Thebom, and her pianist, Mr William Hughes, snapped on arrival at Kai Tak Airport for a series of concerts in the Colony.

BELOW: Rev. G.L. Speak presenting a certificate to Tse Sin-lin during the St Stephen's Church P.M. Primary School's speech day held this week.



ABOVE: At the opening meeting of the Council of Social Services held recently (l-r): Rev. K. L. Stumpf, Miss C.M. Newcombe and Mr Y.C. Tso.

BELOW: Mr D.G. Anderson, Australian Director General of Civil Aviation, and Mrs Anderson, seen on arrival in Hongkong last week en route to Tokyo and Europe for a series of conferences.



LEFT: Miss Ella Chow, graduate of the Guerlain Institute of Beauty, Paris, giving a special make-up treatment to Miss Sophie Wan in her "House of Beauty" which was opened at the Mirador Mansion, Kowloon, this week.

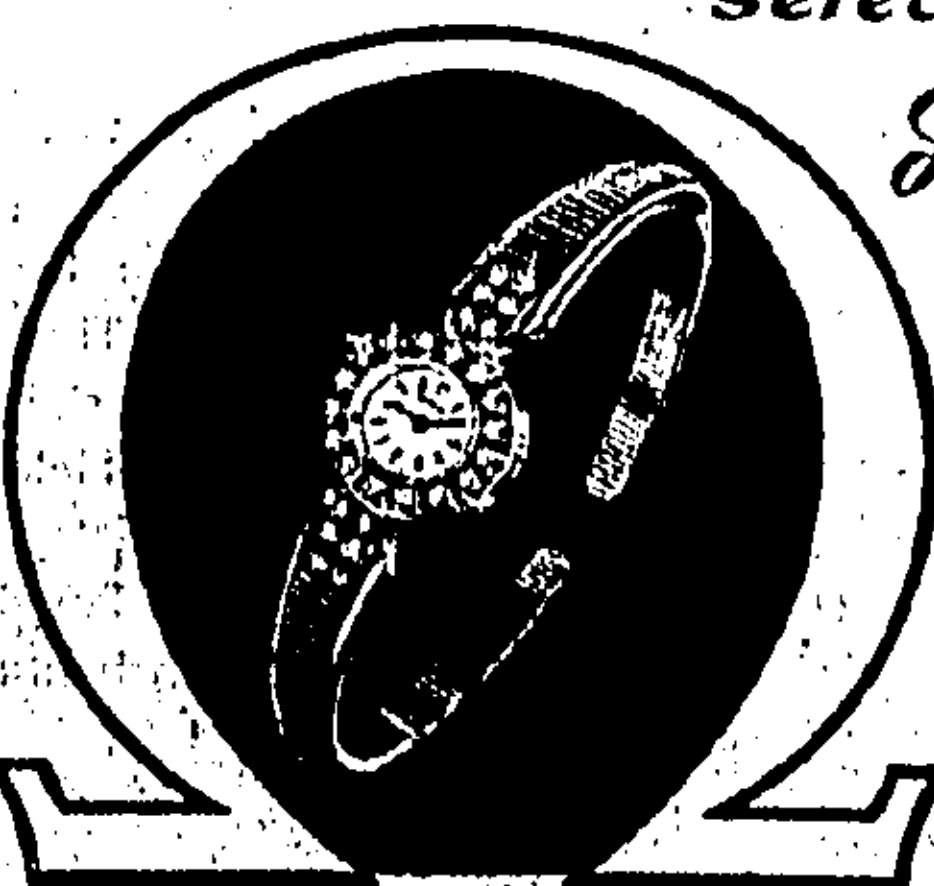
RIGHT: Mrs Mackey, wife of Prof. S. Mackey, of the University of Hongkong, presenting certificates to students of the Aberdeen Technical School at the school's annual prize-giving ceremony this week.

BELOW: Bound for the 10th World Jamboree, held this year in the Philippines, was this large delegation of 57 Hongkong Boy Scouts and five Girl Guides. Here they are seen posing for a farewell group photograph before boarding the plane for Manila.



OMEGA

There is a wonderful selection of Jewelled Watches for Ladies



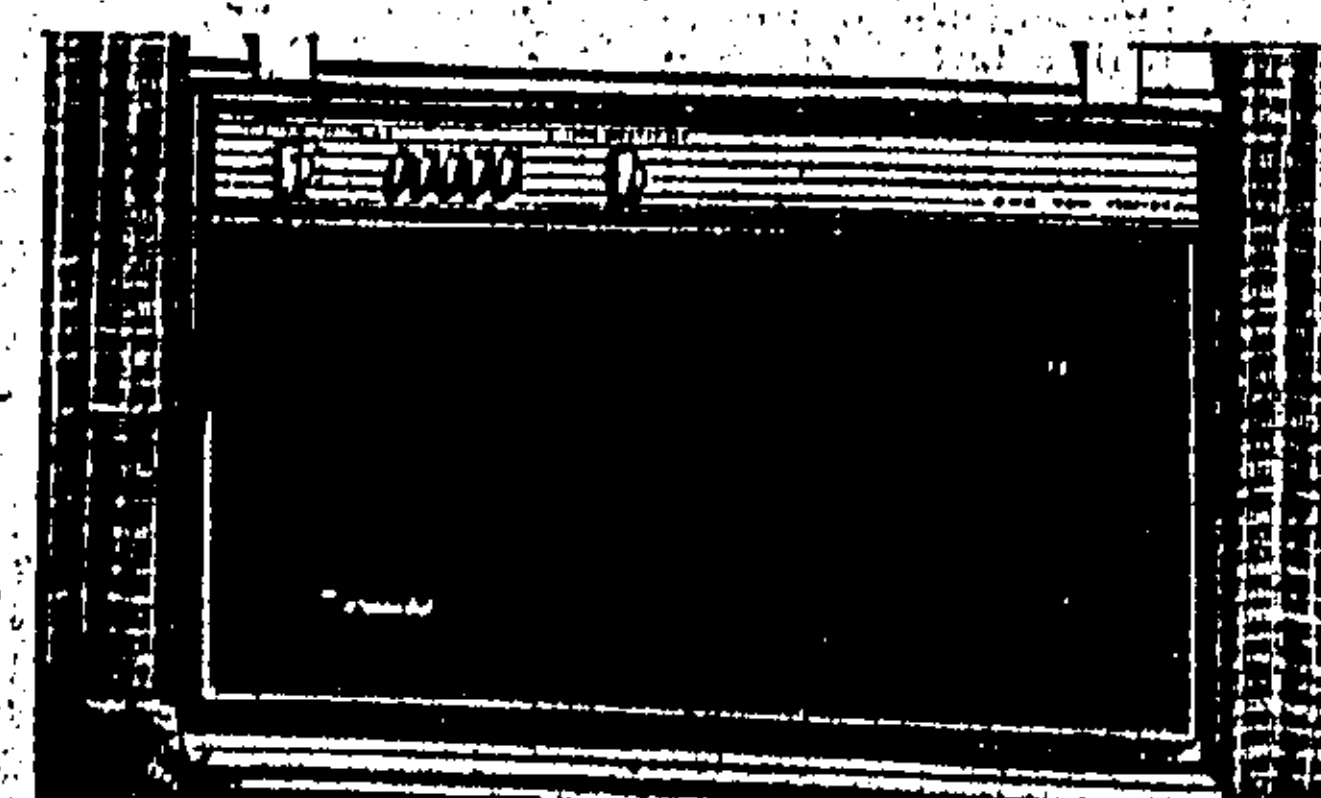
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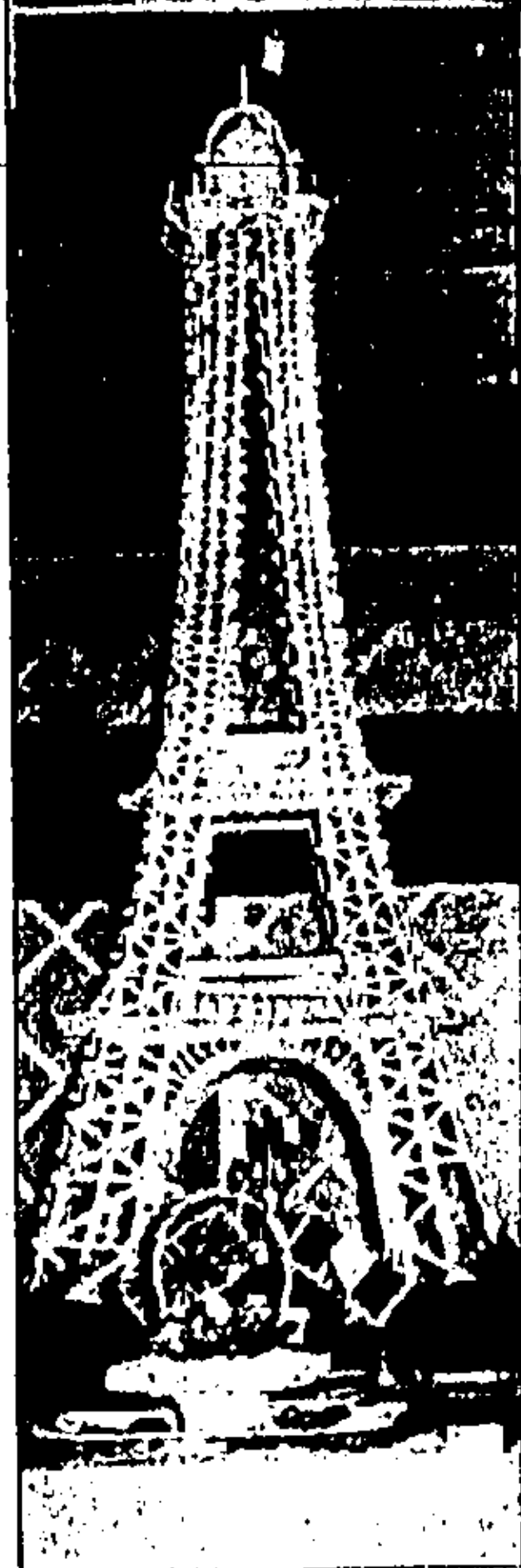
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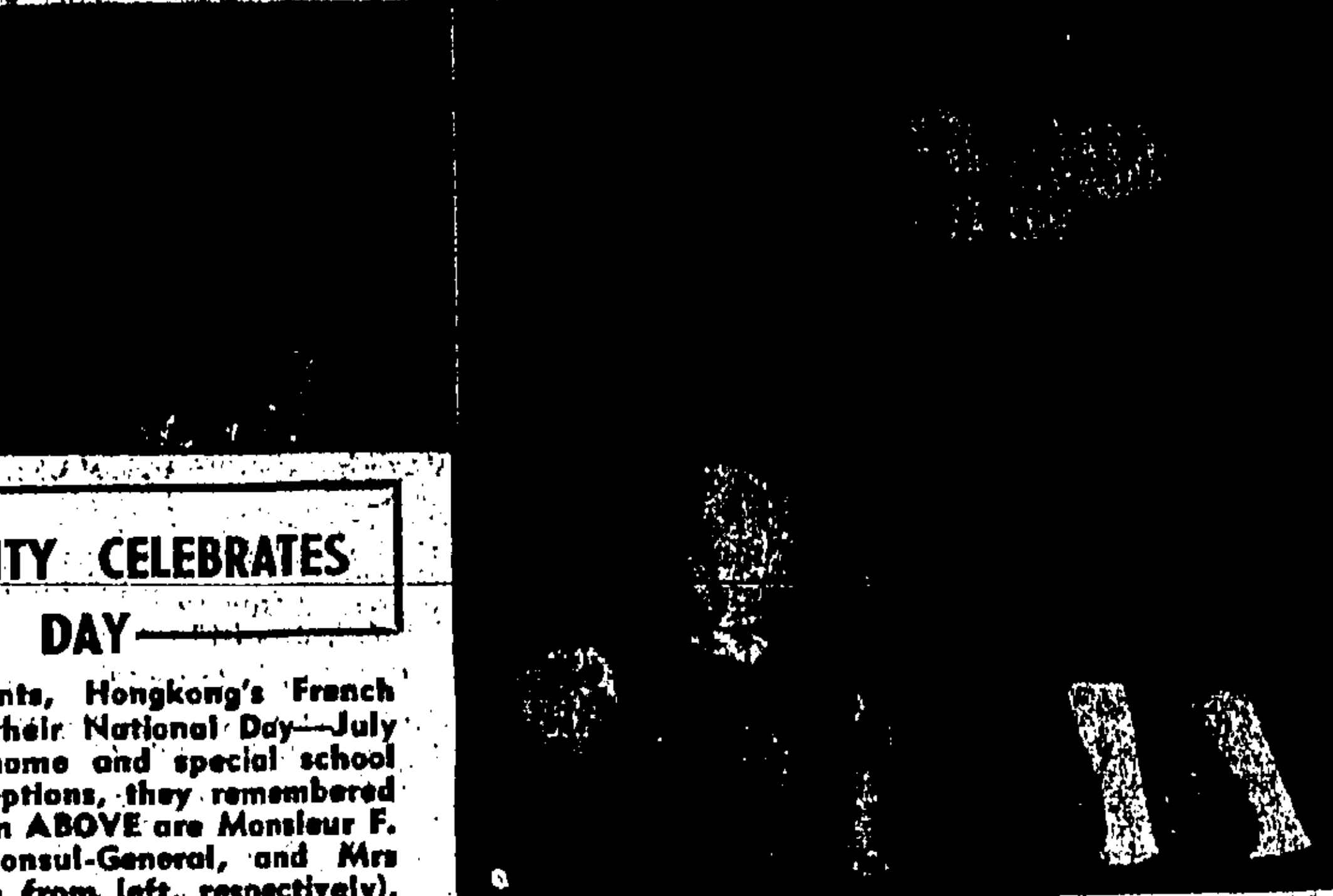
GUARANTEED COOLING CAPACITY
AND
HONGKONG'S TOP SERVICE FROM
GILMANS



FRENCH COMMUNITY CELEBRATES BASTILLE DAY

WITH a variety of events, Hongkong's French community observed their National Day—July 14. From gay parties at home and special school plays, to stately official receptions, they remembered the Revolution of 1789. Seen ABOVE are Monsieur F. Toussaint, acting French Consul-General, and Mrs. Toussaint (second and fourth from left, respectively), greeting guests opera star Blanche Thebom and Mr. John M. Streeves, the U.S. Consul-General; ABOVE RIGHT is a scene from Madame Vivienne Mok's production of Moliere's play "That Scoundrel Scapin" at Maryknoll Convent School; At LEFT is seen the four-foot Eiffel Tower in icing which was the centre-piece of the decorations at the official reception.

★
BELOW: Mr Kwok Chan addressing the inaugural meeting of the Chinese Medical Universities Graduates Association held at the Ying King Restaurant recently.

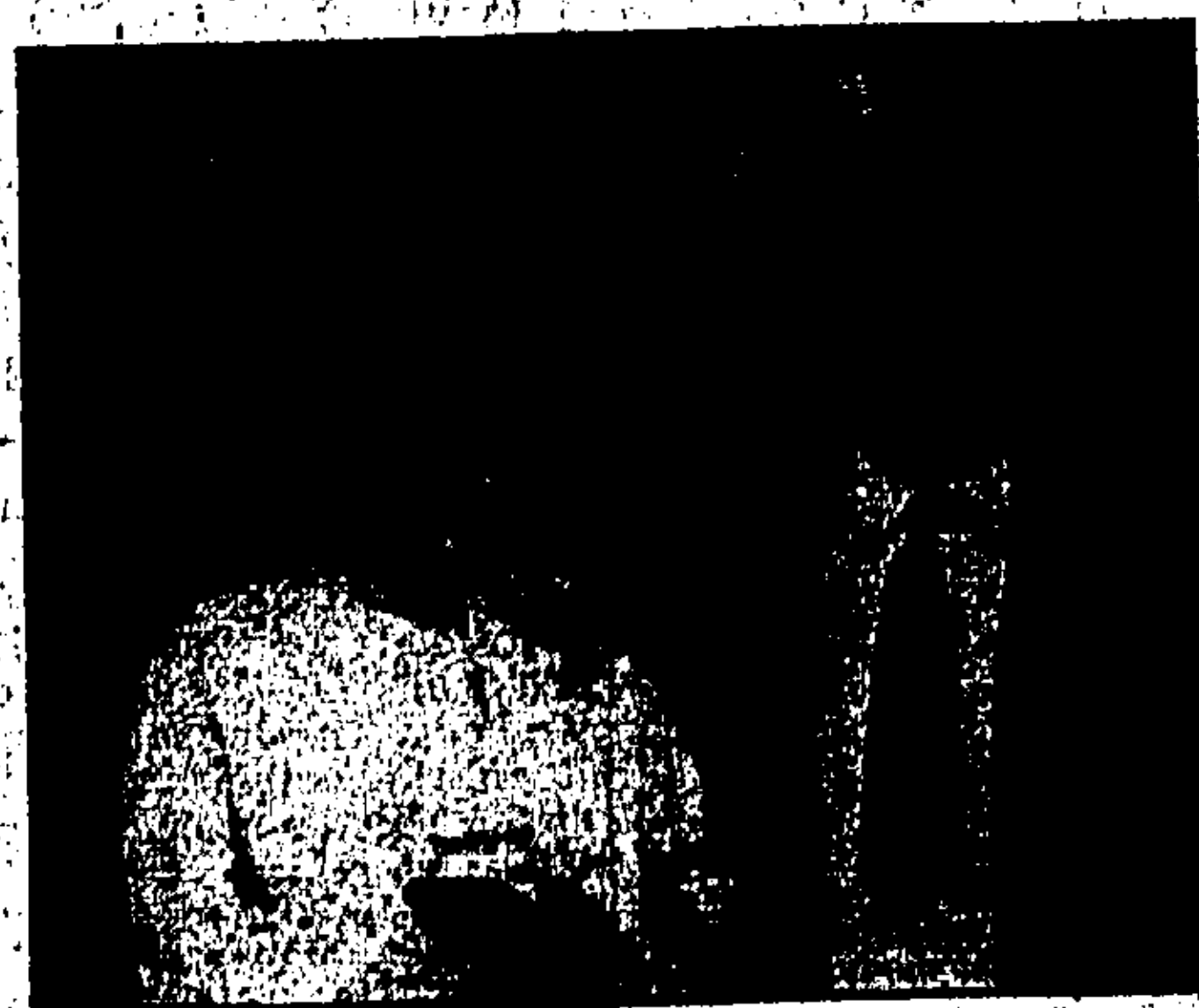


★
ABOVE: A Cuban goodwill and trade mission passed through recently en route to Tokyo. Seen here are two members of the mission, Mr. A. Babilero and Dr. E. Guevara (first and second from left) with Cuba's Consul-General in Hongkong, Dr. Miguel Angel Campos.

★
ABOVE: Queen Elizabeth School's head prefect, Cheng Sai-wah (left), presents a farewell gift to retiring headmaster Mr. Cheong Wai-fung, at a dinner party held last week.



★
BELOW: Lt. I. F. Bird and Mrs. Bird seen after their wedding at the Registry last week. The bride is the former Lt. Jean Eileen Smith, QARANC.



★
ABOVE: The British ship Empire Kittiwake this month rescued a crew of 34 of the Japanese survey ship, Daikatsu Maru, aground on a reef off North Borneo. Here as the survivors look on, the British captain, P. L. Armstrong, shakes hands with Mr. Sadao Ikeda, director of the survey operation.



★
LEFT: A CPA aircraft this week tested the night-landing conditions of Kai Tak Airport's new landing strip. Picture shows the air (new lights above the runway) coming in for a landing.

★
ABOVE: Two kangaroos arrived this week by QANTAS and Malayan Airways for the Lalchok Park Zoo. Mr. A. Burgess and Mrs. J. King, of Qantas, are seen with one of the animals.



★
ABOVE: Prizes were presented to winners of the 1959 Tree Planting Festival poster competition by Mr. W. J. Blackie, Director of Agriculture, Fisheries and Forestry, recently. The winners, Leung Pui-kam, Chan Yim-chow and Mouri Lee (front row) are seen with Mr. Blackie and Mr. P. A. Kennedy, Senior Forestry Supervisor.



★
ABOVE: Even Generals must get wet when it rains, though it may be difficult for sodden soldiers to imagine such a thing. But officers and men of the 1st Battalion, 7th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles, saw Lt. Gen. Sir Edric Bostyan, Commander British Forces, Hongkong, get a soaking while visiting them recently. He is seen talking to one of the men during the downpour.

Tonight's Floorshows

★ ★ ★

BOB MARKSWORTH
SENSATIONAL ARCHER
"America's Robin Hood"
with
MARGARET & MAURICE
and their Death Defying
Dance of the Whip

Music by **Penning Carole** and his
Dynamos Dancers
Vocalist: **Liza Vi Minda**

THE COIN ROOM

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*New Refrigerator
styling that fits in
to look built-in!*



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★
ABOVE: A bystander is fascinated by "The Thing"—a British Battle of Hongkong mine washed up at Shek-O recently. The mine was found to be harmless.

★
BELOW: Mrs. Terry Thorman modelling the lemon lace and evening gown lent by Miss Naylor for the YWCA Fashion and Auction Show held this week at the St. John Ambulance Headquarters.



☆☆☆

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

☆☆☆

VERONICA PAPWORTH Says:—

Tears may not be the thing—but they work!



What does it take to make you REMEMBER?

Why aren't you a Tampax user? Isn't one big reason the fact that you just forget to buy it? Then, with a supply of pads on hand, it's easy to promise yourself that "next time you really will try Tampax." So the months slip away and you never enjoy the benefits of internal sanitary protection.

They're really worthwhile, those benefits. No bulges, no edge-lines, for Tampax is "invisible" and unfelt when being worn. No odour problems. No disposal problems. No carrying problems. No feeling of restraint—Tampax gives you complete freedom. In every way, it's nicer, daintier, more modern.

Buy Tampax now, before you need it. That's the way thousands have introduced themselves to this protection. Choice of two absorbencies (Regular and Super) at chemists everywhere.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a trial packet of Tampax (in plain wrapper) send your name and address and 20 cents in loose stamps to Nurse Jackson, P.O. Box 70, Hong Kong



Catalina 4

Smash Hit

One of Catalina's exciting "Back to the Sun" sheaths, with built-in figure flattery. Puckered control emphasizes the low, curvaceous back, built-up shoulders. Cotton satin in plaid combinations of Blue or Sunlight. Matching Cover-Up is sleeveless, hip length.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES



THERE are some days that promise so well that I can hardly wait to get at them.

The sun shines and there are splendid postcards on the breakfast tray. Somebody is "having a glorious time" in some Technicolor spot with an electric blue sky and a handful of goats round a ruined temple in the foreground. Two potentially amusing people invite us for after-dinner drinks. And the dentist regrets that "owing to an error in booking" he must postpone my appointment for a fortnight.

But life is not always like that.

Surely there are days when the cards are stacked against us—beastly wet, "detergent circular" and "O.H.M.S." post days—when the only possible thing to do is to pull the sheets over one's head and lie there—passive and introverted as a hen on a nest.

A losing battle

Oh for the chance to indulge in one's "hen" days. I fought one last week and—dramatic moment—I opened my eyes—it was a losing battle.

Walking to one miserable circular and cold coffee, I exorcised myself to find my favourite dress—my "lucky" dress—back from the cleaners and just half an inch too tight all round.

"Why not consider it an improvement," said the family philosopher helpfully. "I mean it

The long dress is on its way back for evening wear

"THEY" say there's to be a return to long evening dresses this autumn. Strangely enough it's the younger set who are asking for them—those who have never before enjoyed the rustle of tulle-lined skirts... the delights of handling them gracefully... the truly feminine fun of seeing them swirl as one dances.

See here a silky-surfaced cotton dress to wear now and on into the autumn—misty, flower-patterned and only 10 guineas.

DESIGN: HOBBS & CO. PICTURE: JOHN ADRIAN

ring and home-made emerald pullover). "And then she asks me does it hurt?"

"Well, does it?"

"What's that to you?"

"I can't keep on saying I'm sorry—I want to help."

"Help wouldn't be needed if you'd looked out in the first place."

"Shall I get a policeman?"

"What are you looking for—more trouble?"

Well, wobbly, and starving for lunch I, who rarely cry, except over books and at the theatre, dissolved into tears.

"Here's my card," I wailed, diving into the merciful depths of my handbag. "Do what you like but please get down."

He jumped lightly off the car, picked up his bicycle, and flung one leg over the bar.

"Turn it up," said he—there's a good girl. I only wanted to teach you a lesson. See? And he pedalled away as if all hell were after him.

Not 24 hours later, with the sun shining once more, I opened my paper to read that a certain Harvard sociologist—one Alex Ingles—reports, as the result of research, that the lower a woman's intellect and social status the more easily she cries. Conversely—the higher, the dryer.

Pearl-like though they well may be, there's positively nothing to compare with tears for moving a fast man off the bonnet of a car in a hurry.

QUITE THE most inexpensive beach tops—two 24-inch cotton handkerchiefs—seamed across the shoulders and under the arms to within one inch of the bottom corners....

MODEL GIRLS are cutting their false eyelashes in two and tapering them so that they are long on the outer

corner of the eye and shorter towards the centre "because it's only the outer corners that count."

ECONOMY NOTE: One set of false eyelashes goes twice as far....

A COME-BACK in wig—this time in a highly practical form. Great touled

New This week

mode in today's loose-curved style—mounted on a wide elasticated Alice band. The half-line, stambling block of all successful wig, presents no problems since it remains your own. Who buys them? A very elegant brunette has just ordered one to wear on safari. A DISPLAY of quite spectacularly beautiful fabrics. Outstanding are Graham Sutherland's abstract patterns—not only because of their decorative value, but because one can immediately "see" them as coverings for long, lean, 1959-ish women. A NEW colour for dogs. Walking through Harrods I spotted a lilac-rinsed Sealyham.

Four ways to beat the Silly Season in fashion



1: Light-weight 2: Three-piece 3: Throughbred 4: Wrap-around

IT'S the Silly Season in the fashion world. The sales are on. The first deliveries of winter boots are arriving. What, then, does a woman do when she still has her summer holiday shopping to do? Picked because they will go on an autumn into winter and winter are these four fine fashion investments.

1 Looking for a light-weight top coat that will make a first-class travelling companion? Quelray's Continental-style, showerproofed poplin with leather bottom is a winner at 7 guineas.

2 Susan Small's light-weight jersey three-piece in fine sapphire blue and black houndstooth check with a plain sapphire blue short-sleeved jumper—a splendid traveller and autumn-winter friend. Price: 13½ guineas.

3 Little throughbred of a dress in superb cutting—London tailoring at its best. This one, in coffee-brown and cream checks has a wide swathed belt of coffee-coloured suede. Wear it now on cooler days—later with fur, and when winter comes, under a coffee-coloured suede coat. Price: 16½ guineas.

4 Ever since Princess Alexandra stepped off the plane from South America wearing Susan Small's chunky Italian knit wrap-around coat it has been selling like hot cakes. Warm, soft, and utterly uncrushable, it comes in a variety of delightfully off-beat colours—and white. Price: 19 guineas. (London Express Service).

STORIES FOR BOYS & GIRLS

Shoes Wanted To Walk

—They Couldn't Because They Had No Feet In Them—

By MAX TRELL

MANY strange things happen at night after every one in the house goes to sleep. Christopher Cricket was saying to his friends, Knarf and Hand, the Shadow Children with the Turned-About Names. "Last night, for instance, I met a pair of Shoes getting ready to take a walk."

"You did?" exclaimed Hand. Knarf said: "Shoes can't go walking by themselves, Chris."

All Sorts Of Things

"My dear Knarf and my dear Hand," said Christopher Cricket, "you don't have to tell me anything about what Shoes can do. I don't wear Shoes myself but I've seen plenty of them doing all sorts of things."

Christopher Cricket paused to cross five or six of his legs. "Yes," he went on, "I've seen Shoes running. I've seen them jumping. I've seen them skipping."

"I've seen them go splashing through rain puddles. I've seen them getting shined. I've seen them kicking footballs. I've even seen them kicking old tin cans."

Had Feet In Them

"But there's one thing about all those Shoes that were doing those things. They all had feet inside them."

Knarf and Hand nodded and smiled and said yes, yes, yes.

That was it. Shoes couldn't do a thing unless they had feet in them!

"Right you are!" said Christopher. "And that's what surprised me about the pair of Shoes that I saw last night. They were getting ready to take a walk but they didn't have any feet in them!"

Couldn't Take A Walk

"Then they couldn't take a walk, could they, Christopher?" asked Hand.

"They thought they could," said Christopher. "They tried with all their might. I found them standing on the floor of their closet, right near the door."

"There were other Shoes in that closet, too, Dancing Shoes and Hiking Shoes and Slippers and Moccasins and Rubber Sneakers. The Shoes I'm talking about were Black Leather Shoes belonging to Father. They were big, heavy, thick-soled shoes."

"All the other Shoes were saying: 'No use your trying to go for a walk! You can't walk without feet, stupid!'"

"We'll get feet all right," said the pair of Father's Shoes. "Here comes some feet right now!"

"It was the Cat. She had four feet, but she wouldn't put them in the shoes."

"I'm hurting mine," she said. "Shoes like you make too much noise."

"Then the Dog came along. He wouldn't wear them, either. 'I like to go barefooted,' he said. 'The only animal I know



Christopher found the Shoes standing on the floor.

who wears shoes is a Horse. Want me to bring him up here?"

"But everyone knew that no one could bring a Horse in the house."

What Did They Do?

"What did the Shoes finally do, Chris?" Knarf asked. "I'll tell you what they finally did," said Christopher Cricket. "They found a pair of Roller Skates in the closet. They managed to hoist themselves on top of the skates. The Dog gave the Skates a push."

"Oh, what a wonderful idea!" cried Hand. "Did they go for a long trip?"

"Long trip, nothing!" said Christopher Cricket. "They all fell down the stairs, the Shoes and the Skates together. They made so much noise that they woke up the whole house."

"Yes," said Christopher, as he uncrossed his legs and got up. "Shoes are no good unless they have feet inside them, even with roller skates."

A HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOUR

A SEA horse really isn't a horse at all, but a sort of fish.

Instead of having its skeleton on the inside of its body, the horse wears it on the outside, a well-fitting suit of armour. But it has no scales.

Another way in which it differs from ordinary fish is its posture. It swims and rests in an upright position.

Its head, somewhat resembling that of a horse, is joined at right angles with its body. The upper part of the body bulges forward, giving the little creature a rather comical, puffed-up look.



On its back it has a fin which it vibrates rapidly as a means of swimming. Its tail is neither a fish tail nor a horse tail. It is a very

nimble sea horse tail and is quite useful for hitching over seaweeds during rest periods. A sea horse is a self-hitching horse.

Sometimes a number of sea horses gather on the different branches of a sea plant as though they were visiting. Clinging there by their tails, they look like monkeys, except that they are right side up, and always on good behaviour.

If you have ever been on the eastern coast of America, you may have seen sea horses. They are generally found in shallow waters from Maine to Florida. Those most commonly seen are five or six inches long. There is a dwarf species along the southern coast of Florida measuring about one and a half inches in length.

With their drab, bony covering they are able to mingle in their underwater backgrounds so that only the sharpest, most searching eyes of enemies can find them.

Although they have good natural protection against being devoured, they themselves prey on other living sea organisms. Very small fishes are a menu favourite. They are also fond of tiny shrimp-like creatures found among seaweeds. And they eat like a horse—a whole lot.

Maybe you are thinking you would like to have a few sea horses for your home aquarium. But taking care of them isn't as simple as getting for goldfish. They must have a plentiful supply of living organisms for food. And that isn't all. They are choosy about the water in which they live. Only sea water will do. Only the saltiest sea water. And the water must be changed and renewed. (Florence, Padgett Johnson)

Rupert and Raggedy—16



Rupert said after the extra-ordinary adventure until he has appeared. It is called 'Raggedy' and it is a story about a boy and a girl who are very good friends. They are called Rupert and Raggedy. They are very good friends and they are very good at everything they do. They are very good at playing games and they are very good at reading books. They are very good at everything they do.

BRAIN TEASER

If you were on a world tour, where would you be apt to find people wearing the following types of shoes?

1. Espadrilles
 2. Sabots
 3. Moccasins
 4. Tobis
 5. Babouches
 6. Hurrachis
 7. Muckluks
 8. Sandals
 9. Buskins
 10. Chopines
 11. Wellington boots
 12. Clogs
- Answers
1. Spain
 2. Holland
 3. American Indians
 4. Japan
 5. Morocco
 6. Mexico
 7. Eskimos of Alaska
 8. Egypt
 9. Germany
 10. Italy
 11. England
 12. Syria

IT'S OUT: THE FINAL PORTRAIT OF A GENIUS

Northcliffe

THIS WAS A TITAN: AND OF ALL HIS QUALITIES I PUT KINDNESS FIRST

AS Alfred Harmsworth, Viscount Northcliffe, lay dying in August, 1922, his doctor made a note of his last whispered utterance: "I wish to be laid as near mother as possible at North Finchley, and I do not wish anything erect from the ground or any words except my name, the year I was born, and this year, upon the stone."

"In The Times I should like a page reviewing my life-work by someone who really knows and a leading article by the best man available on the night."

In those two sentences, quoted by Reginald Pound and Geoffrey Harmsworth in their enormous, splendid and completely definitive biography of Northcliffe, there is summed up the whole essence of Northcliffe's life, with one element left out.

There is his astonishing, adoring love for his mother; there is his egotism, and there is his unerring craftsmanship as a journalist. The missing element is his kindness. He must have been one of the most steadily and generally generous rich men who ever lived—generous, that is, with his money not in chilly, spectacular, much-publicized "donations" to charity, but in hidden, private personal benefactions.

Courage

I came across an example of this aspect of his character some years ago when I was writing the biography of W. E. Henley, the poet, who was an ass about money matters and a bit of a sponger to boot. Alfred Harmsworth, who was 14 years his junior, was attracted by Henley's courage and craftsmanship, and in his last years settled a good many of his debts.

After Henley died in 1903, Harmsworth paid the rent of a flat overlooking Battersea Park for the poet's widow, and went on paying it until he himself died 19 years later, and he was under no conceivable obligation to Mrs. Henley.

Devoted

After Brex's funeral Northcliffe sent an instruction to Carmelite House: "Will you send Mrs. Brex a cheque for £1,000, and please also see that her late husband's salary is paid till the end of the year." She and her small son stayed at his country house as his guests for six weeks, and his telegram of greeting was waiting for them when they arrived. A letter followed which, said Mrs. Brex, "broke down all my self-control."

Was it in knowledge of this particular episode or in consideration of his continuous and overwhelming generosity in general that H. W. Wilson, the leader writer of the Daily Mail, wrote to him: "Who could help being devoted to you? Who cannot but be proud to serve under you?"

* NORTHCLIFFE. By Reginald Pound and Geoffrey Harmsworth. Cassell, 42s.

By JOHN CONNELL

That pride was never mine. I was thirteen when Northcliffe died. But for twenty-six years I worked in Carmelite House, on the newspaper which was the foundation-stone of his wealth, fame and professional and political power.

When I first came to Carmelite House was steeped in the sense of Northcliffe, and it was filled with men who had worked with the Chief, from Tom George, the head printer, to Charlie Nash, who wrote the building, a remarkable example of late-Victorian architecture at its most florid and least functional with, nowadays, its own quaint charm had been put up around him.

Fleet Street in my youth was dominated as much by the myth as by the reality of Northcliffe. He was the first of the Press lords, and I hope that it is not impertinent of me, writing in the Evening Standard, to say that I believe that—was a journalist—he was by far the greatest.

He was not a financier; he was not a chartered accountant with ideas above his station; he was not half as good a politician or diplomat as he fancied he was.

Massive But he was a superb newspaperman, from his first childish effusions in his school magazine until he lay dying on the Duke of Devonshire's roof in Carlton Gardens.

This is one of the dominant aspects of his complex and elusive character, and his magnificent and crowded career, which is very justly stressed in this biography.

It is a massive, if belated, monument, and it is worthy of its subject. Every British newspaper today, from The Times, which he bought and saved from a sad ignoble end, to the Daily Mirror, which his brother, Harold, took over from him, and the Daily Worker (I wonder what he would have thought of that), bears Northcliffe's stamp—refashioned, I will admit, by the hand of Beaverbrook.

I only hope that Lord Beaverbrook will not have to wait close on forty years for a biographer, or biographers, to do him justice.

Northcliffe is that rarity, an excellent book written by a pair of collaborators. Mr. Pound, I suspect, supplied the professional skill, experience and intuition. Mr. Harmsworth, the unique family knowledge, which is of the utmost importance, for Northcliffe—though himself childless—was a member of a closely linked and fascinating dynasty.

It owed its fascination and its fame to the mother, beside whom her first-born, wished to lie after his death. She was of tough, indomitable Ulster stock, who married a feeble, exhibitionist Englishman, who behaved throughout his life like an extreme kind of stage Irishman.

The show-off qualities in Alfred came from his father (what would that stolid, lifeless barrister think of the Harmsworth Scholarships which endow him with an undeserved immortality?), but the practical capacity, the drive, the courage and the edge of harshness from his mother.

Birth?

And the genius? If the somewhat improbable theory that old Harmsworth was the descendant of a royal bastard were proved true, it would reveal a quite unexpected quality in the genes of the House of Harmsworth. Beyond saying that it is all about Northcliffe, from ancestry (Hampshire and that village off the Great West Road) and birth to death, I cannot possibly summarise this truly tremendous book.

His only criticism of it would have been that it is long—but not too long. Every page of it is intensely readable. I happen myself to prefer the handsome, brave, bumptious and skilfully educated and who went off to the Midlands as editor of a bicycling journal, to the weighty potentate charming America, wrangling with Lloyd George and fussing more and more about his own health.

But who, in that boy in the eighties, could have seen the foreshadow of the Northcliffe of the 1914-18 war?

Vanished It is a wonderful story, Northcliffe's. It will never be repeated in the newspaper world to which he gave, so much. He was the child of his age and his class, and they are vanished. In all my years of day-to-day journalism I wished that I had known the Chief, who had exerted so profound and lasting an influence on my life and that of all my comrades.

Now that I have withdrawn, my wish has been fulfilled—by Mr. Pound and Mr. Harmsworth. Don't, please, Mr. Jones, Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson of Fleet Street, or Tottenham, or High Barnet, let your clever son go into journalism. But, if he insists, give him—at once—Northcliffe; he will learn much about newspapers, and even more about the stuff of human greatness.

(London Express Service).

No murderer was safe from Oscar Heinrich

AS the Portland-San Francisco express roared into Tunnel 13 just beyond the little town of Siskiyou, Oregon, three men crawled over the car roofs to the engineer's cab. Their leader rammed a shotgun in trainman Sidney Bates's back.

"Stop the train. Climb down. And keep your hands up!" Helplessly, Engineer Bates with his fireman and brakeman stood by the mountainside track and watched the men dynamite the locked door of the mail car. Suddenly, and inexplicably, the robbers panicked. They abandoned the loot, wheeled on the three trainmen and shot them down at point-blank range. And escaped.

Passengers screamed. The conductor dashed to the tunnel telephone. Eventually the deputy sheriff rode up in a blaze of glory.

Elementary

Not much of a clue, just a pair of greasy, grimy, utterly anonymous workman's overalls. The type that are manufactured by the million—and sold everywhere.

Dutifully the local police picked up the overalls. They examined them closely. But there isn't much you can tell from a pair of overalls. The police tossed them aside.

Then one of them had the bright idea to send the overalls to a man named Heinrich. And

by DEE WELLS

Edward Oscar Heinrich saw a lot.

After a lengthy examination, Heinrich reported—"The overalls you sent me were worn by a left-handed lumberjack accustomed to working around fir trees. He is a white man between 21 and 25 years of age, not over 5ft. 10in. tall, and weighs about 155lb. He has medium brown hair, fair complexion, light eyebrows, small hands and feet, and is rather fastidious in his personal habits...."

To Heinrich, it was elementary. Analysed, the grease was fir pitch. Dust from a pocket proved—under microscope—to be fine particles of Douglas fir needles.

The single hair caught on a button—it was medium brown. Moreover, it was Caucasian hair—differing slightly in cell structure from Negro or Indian hair. The hair's path established the man's age.

Height? Heinrich measured from shoulder buckles to the

bottom of the trouser leg. Not did the strange vertical creases escape him. Creases like that, he deduced, were caused by jamming the trouser legs into high boots—boots that are worn by lumberjacks.

Left-handed? Heinrich had found the dust in a right-hand pocket. Only a left-handed lumberjack would work with his right side to the tree. His weight? Again Heinrich had considered the height of the suspender buckles. That and the fact that the overalls were outside determined their owner's build.

Small hands... fastidious habits? In among the wood shavings Heinrich had spotted a few fingernail parings. Their size and the neatness with which they had been clipped led him to these last conclusions.

Disappeared

This physical description was flashed up and down the West Coast. The hunt narrowed down to one Roy D'Autremont of Eugene, Oregon. He was all the things Heinrich had described, even to being a left-handed lumberjack.

And, strangely enough, Roy D'Autremont had disappeared. Four long years later, Roy D'Autremont was found. In far-off Ohio someone spotted his picture on a "WANTED" poster, and called the police.

Heinrich was the star prosecution witness. After his evidence was given, Roy D'Autremont and his two

accomplices were so shaken they confessed.

Super detection work like this is all too common in fiction. But in real life it still astonishes.

Oscar Heinrich was a real thing. Crime detection was his life's work. He perfected it as a science, and earned the title THE CHEMIST OF CRIME (Cassell, 18s.).

He took on every sort of case. When Father Heslin, parish priest in the small California town of Colton, was kidnapped and murdered, Heinrich was the natural man to call in.

He scanned the ransom note, and said: "The man who wrote this is a baker."

Again the police were astounded. But to Heinrich it was obvious. He had noted the florid capitals. That script was taught in only one school—the school where master bakers perfected the art of cake decoration.

Later in the same case, Heinrich asked to see a certain pen-knife. Heinrich pored over the knife in his slow, deliberate way. Under a microscope, he saw two tiny nicks in the blade. In each there was a shred of white fluff. Magnified a thousand times, the fluff proved to be long staple cotton of a very special type.

"This knife has cut white fishing cord," said Heinrich. The knife belonged to a suspect named Hightower. On the strength of two infinitesimal cotton threads he was tried. For Heinrich's evidence proved the kidnapped priest had been

kept in a tent that had been tied with fishing cord that matched, exactly the shreds found on Hightower's knife.

He proved that Hightower's handwriting tallied on important points with that on the ransom note.

Hightower went to prison for life. And—oh, yes—Hightower was by trade a baker.

He objected

Although Heinrich's case-book reads as bizarrely as the most contrived whodunit, he objected to being called a Sherlock Holmes.

"Not I. Holmes acted on hunches. Hunches play no part in my work. My procedure is to reconstruct the crime by visualising the habits and actions of the criminal. I do this by using the debris the criminal leaves behind.... No guess work is involved."

From the penitentiary boy with a flair for chemistry who had to go to work at the age of 12, Heinrich rose gradually to world fame as the outstanding criminologist of the century.

When he died, in 1933, at 72, he had figured in thousands of cases from arson to forgery to run-running. His say-so had convicted many a criminal—and had freed many an innocent man.

Oscar Heinrich's life is four-star reading for anyone who likes occasionally to re-prove that crime-truth is still stranger than crime-fiction.

(London Express Service).

JACKY'S DIARY
BY JACKY MENDELSON
AGE 3 1/2

LAST NIGHT WE WENT & ATE SUPPER IN A REAL RESTAURANT.

AS SOON AS WE WENT IN, A LADY WHO WAS HIDING IN THE CLOTHES CLOSET SNEAKED OUT & STOLE AN OTHER MAN'S COAT & HAT.

After you sit down in a RESTAURANT, they give you a BIG CARD that tells WHATS COOKING IN THE KITCHEN, & ALSO how much the PRICE costs.

MENU
LAMP CHOPS...\$3.00
VEAL CUTLASS...2.25
CLAMP CHOWDER...50¢
STUFFED PEASANT... (ACCORDIAN TO SIZE)

MOMMY ASKED THE MAN for a TOMATO SUPRIZE.

Only when it came it didn't do NOTHING, but just LAID THERE.

DADDY WANTED A Sudden Fried CHICKEN.

For my SUPPER I ORDERED a RAZZ-BERRY SUNDAY with LOTS of NUTS & SPRINKLERS & WHIP CREAM.

Then for DESSERT, I HAD A HAMBURGER with CATCH-UP & FRENCH FRIGHT POTATOES.

NO NOISE.

The BAD PART about Eating in a RESTAURANT is you GOTTA HAVE GOOD TABLE MANNERS. Which is the NOISE you DON'T MAKE WHEN YOU EAT SOUP.

Later on I SAW THE MAN WHO'S COAT GOT STOLE, & HE WAS BUYING AN OTHER ONE FROM THE LADY. And it FITTED HIM PERFECT.

Daddy DON'T KNOW it, but HE LEFT A WHOLE 25¢ ON THE RESTAURANT TABLE.

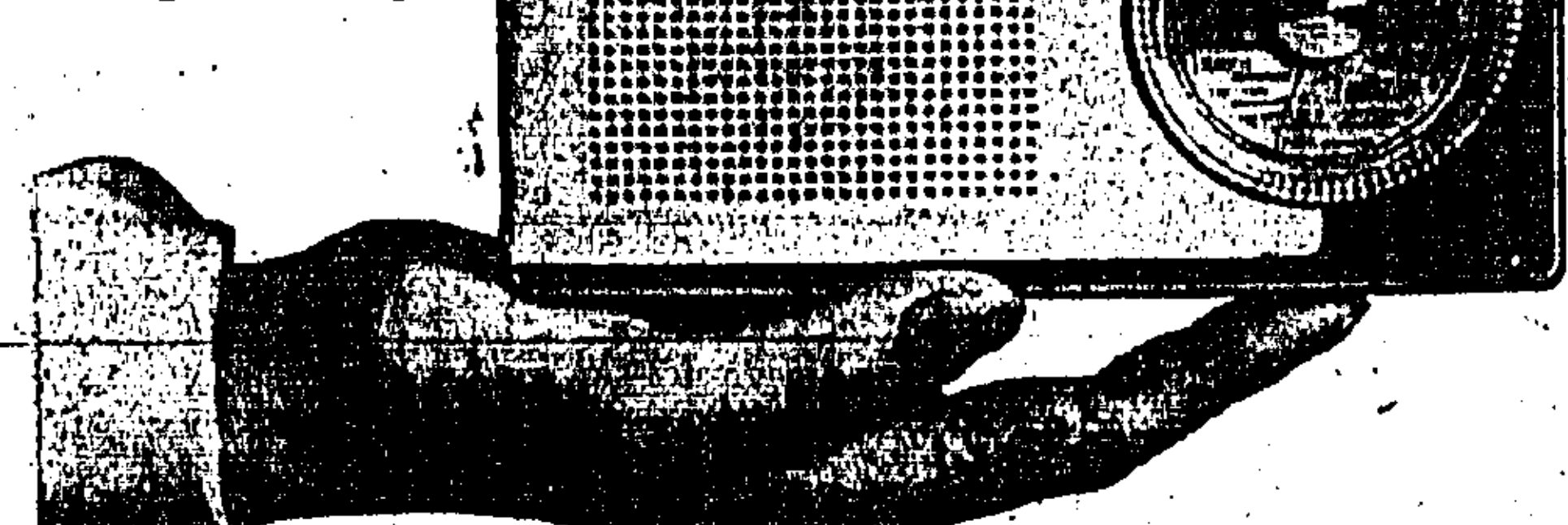
I PICKED IT UP & NEXT YEAR I'm GONNA GIVE HIM it for A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

ADVICE FOR CHILDREN:

If YOU NEED a NEW COAT, go & buy ONE in a RESTAURANT... THEY SELL THEM THERE for A 3/4 a PIECE.

Your Friend, JACKY.

new!



7 Transistors Portable LIX75T \$165.

- Seven transistors, one germanium diode
- Full medium wave reception
- Efficient 2" loudspeaker
- Connection for headphones
- Complete and efficient internal antenna system
- Distinguished design in 3 different colours
- Circular clock-dial
- Fully tropic proof
- With leather case and earphone



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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT

—A New Trio

Not long after this edition rolls off the press the Walkathon, Hongkong's annual round-the-island endurance test for walkers, organised by the Hongkong Tiger Standard, gets off to a start at the Government Sports Stadium, Sookun-poo.

As in previous years, Radio Hongkong is giving full coverage to the event, and commentators and V.M.F. transmitters will be spaced at various points along the route. Commentaries begin at 2.15 with a description of the scene from the roof of the stadium by Ted Thomas and interviews with the contestants by Bill Dorward at ground level. Both commentators follow the race until they link up with Ian McCallum at Windy Gap for a progress report.

Other points of coverage are Stanley Fort and the Chung Shing Bathing Pavilion, and the three commentators rendezvous at the stadium again at 10.40 p.m. to describe the scene at the finish and to talk to some of the first competitors to cross the line.

You've Asked For It

A new trio take the air on Tuesday at 8.15 when Bill Dorward, Bruce McEwan and Allan Stevenson will be going out and about to meet the people of Hongkong, talk to them about themselves and play the music they enjoy.

Each week's programme will have a theme behind it, either from the world of sport, commerce, show business, tourism and in fact all walks of life. In Tuesday's programme the accent is on sport, for your three men about town will be meeting athletes competing in the Walkathon, talking to less

strenuous sportsmen competing in a Bowls match and breathlessly pursuing some of the bright young things who skim over the surface of the sea on water skis. "You've Asked For It" which is devised and produced by Timothy Birch will be on the air at 8.15 on Tuesday.

Night Flying

This week training flights for aircrew using the new night flying equipment at Kai Tak have been in full swing and to find out what it's like coming in at around one hundred miles an hour in the pitch dark and aiming an aircraft at a narrow runway, Timothy Birch took a tape recorder up into a Comet IV and recorded his impressions for the Saturday night programme "This Week."

Other items you can hear in "This Week" at 8.15 tonight include an interview with William Allen who is the Managing Director of the Boeing Aircraft Co. and an interview with a French cabinet-maker married to an American girl about their walking tour around the world. "This Week" is on the air at 8.15.

Flower Drum Song

The latest musical to come off the Rodgers-Hammerstein production line is the "Flower Drum Song" - an adaptation of C.Y. Lee's novel by Joseph



Each week a team of three, Bruce McEwan, Allan Stevenson and Bill Dorward will go out and about, talk to people in Hongkong in every walk of life and play the music they enjoy. This week the emphasis is on sport, and the photo shows the producer of the programme, Timothy Birch, discussing with Bill Dorward and Allan Stevenson coverage of the Walkathon, a lawn bowls match and some water skiing for inclusion in the first programme of the series which will be heard on Tuesday evening at 8.15.

Fields, directed by Gene Kelly, and set in the Chinatown of present-day San Francisco.

On Monday night at a quarter past nine Radio Hongkong is broadcasting a 45-minute programme of music recorded by the cast of the original Broadway production, including Miyoshi Umeki and at Suzuki.

Cromwell

An unusual programme, at 8.15 p.m. on Monday is "Cromwell." When the Lord Protector of England died on September 3, 1658, he was a king in all but name and the reaction of his contemporaries was varied, but everyone realised that

something more than one man's life had come to an end in English history.

In this programme Maurice Cranston (who wrote the feature "Rousseau in England" which was broadcast over Radio Hongkong recently) brings together four literary men of Cromwell's time and by quoting from their actual writings (and in some instances putting words into their mouths) he has contrived to put the case for and against Cromwell.

The poet, Marvell, Cromwell's stalwart champion, is the only voice in favour, while the critics are represented by Thomas Hobbes, John Evelyn and John Aubrey, but in spite of this ap-

parently outsize opposition to the Lord Protector, Marvell's argument for his defence is such that it is relatively heavier than the others' attack.

Music

The main work in the Sunday Concert at 8.45 tomorrow night is the symphonic suite "Scherzando" by Rimsky-Korsakov. The recording is a new one made by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.

The recital from Radio Hongkong's Concert Hall on Wednesday at 9 p.m. is given by the Hongkong mezzo-soprano, Giulietta Tam, and the programme includes songs by Martini, Thomas and Tchaikovsky.

SATURDAY, JULY 18

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SUNDAY, JULY 19

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
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MONDAY, JULY 20

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TUESDAY, JULY 21

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 22

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FRIDAY, JULY 24

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SATURDAY, JULY 25

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SUNDAY, JULY 26

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MONDAY, JULY 27

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TUESDAY, JULY 28

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THURSDAY, JULY 30

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FRIDAY, JULY 31

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INTERESTING CLASSICAL RECORDINGS

DRABINS: Concerto No. 1 in D minor for piano and orchestra. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Rafael Kubelick with Solomon, piano.

BENJAMIN GIGLI: Neapolitan Songs.

FRITZ KREISLER: Favourites.

BEETHOVEN: "Pathétique" and "Appassionata" sonatas. Edwin Fischer, piano.

HORIS CHRISTOFF SINGS RUSSIAN SONGS. with the Russian Chorus of Feodor Potorjinsky.

SAINT SAENS: Concerto No. 1 in A minor for violin and orchestra. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.

MIASROVSKY: Concerto Opus 65 for violin and orchestra. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent with Mstislav Rostropovich, violin.

J.S. BACH: Suite for violin, No. 3 in C major, No. 4 in E major. Pablo Casals, violin.

FEDORA CHALAPINE: sings - Extracts from "Chalapine" and "Aria from Russian Operas."

BEETHOVEN: Miscellaneous Works. Gyorgy Cziffra, piano.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Scherzando. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.

PALESTRINA: Mass - Pope Marcell. The Singers of St. Dunstons directed by R.P. Emile Martin.

VIVALDI: Four Concertos. Virtuosi di Roma conducted by Renato Fasano.

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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

*Has A Changing World
Bred A New Kind
Of Sportsman?*

Are the sportsmen of today as tough and durable as those who have gone before them? In view of many current happenings, that is a very timely question, for, on two separate occasions recently, it has provided one of the main points of discussion among groups of sporting personalities in the United Kingdom.

Opinion is sharply divided. One of the most important features of the argument is that the sporting experts are as widely at variance as are the spectators who like to take up the issue on behalf of the personalities of yesterday or to-day as their fancy decrees.

There is little doubt that the present popularity of the topic has been stimulated by the recent attack made on boxing by members of the medical profession in Britain.

When any doctor goes into print with a considered opinion it is surely worthy of deep examination, but when a reputable professional journal such as the LANCET publishes an editorial urging doctors to fight for the complete abolition of boxing as a sport, then only a fool would dismiss the issue without considering the justification—or at least the basis for the justification—of such a direct exhortation.

Strongest Argument

Strangely enough, the strongest popular argument which has been used against the LANCET's point of view is based on a sort of law of individual rights rather than on medical grounds or physiological research. It is simply that boxers are not conscripted into the game; they are volunteers and, if the implication of the British Medical Association's campaign is to protect a man from himself by making it illegal for him to get injured in the boxing ring, then the principle involved would have to be carried far beyond the perimeter of the boxing sphere.

In fact, if pursued to its logical conclusion, it could mean the end of all sport as we know it for—and the evidence of this is to be found in the world of insurance—there are other sports in which the assessment of personal risk is shown to be as great as in boxing.

**'Pon My Sole
I've Beaten
The Lot**



Barefooted Bruce Tulloh, former Hongkong athlete and now Britain's new middle-distance star, seen here winning the three-mile event of the British A.A.A. Championships at White City last week. Bruce's time was 13 mins 31.2 secs.

death in the course of his particular activity then the resultant publicity inevitably tends to focus additional attention on the incident.

I am not blood-thirsty and certainly I am no sadist; I am firmly on the side of those who believe the BMA is wrong in taking up the attitude it has, but I am wholly in agreement with one of its number who has recently supplemented the original point of view with the opinion that many of the injuries received in the ring are the direct result of inefficient refereeing.

Boxing today is a great public spectacle and far too often the rules—which are after all fashioned for the protection of the participants—are predicated to the policy of 'giving the crowd its money's worth'.

Refereeing outside the rules—as I once heard it called officially—is the most dangerous element in boxing. It is true accidents may still happen even when rules are being scrupulously obeyed but the hazard to the boxers is increased to an alarming degree whenever there is the slightest relaxation in control.

There are those who would wish to separate the amateur and professional codes for the purpose of discussing this whole problem but it is held in many important circles—and I think rightly—that the basic problem is the same and certainly the present campaign makes no differentiation.

By far the most interesting pair were Griffith and Bartlett. The coincidences are staggering. They were both born in Surrey in 1914 and first came together at Dulwich School, where they went to Cambridge University, and got "Blues" in the same year. They both deserted the county of their birth for Sussex, and during the War each became a lieutenant-colonel and a parachutist and they both skippered Sussex.

Inseparable
They are still inseparable, but their ways have parted. Bartlett is "something in the City" while wicketkeeper Griffith is the exalted assistant secretary of the MCC at Lord's, following his secretaryship of Sussex for a while. Though Bartlett did hit a splendid 175 not out for the Gentlemen versus the Players in 1938, but his greatest feat was to hit the fastest ever hundred against an Australian touring side. His three figures in 58 minutes was not at all to the liking of the green-capped visitors at Hove.

If that was Bartlett's finest distinction, a unique feat is possessed by Griffith. He is the only cricketer ever to hit a century in a "Test" Match debut. This he did in 1947 at the Port of Spain when he got 140 against the formidable West Indies. "Rully" also played twice against the South Africans in 1948.

Bill Griffith told me at Arundel that, although it was widely rumoured that he would be manager of West Indies' West Indies tour, he would be top layer at Lord's in 1959 and he hinted that R.W.V. Robins

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

between the paid and unpaid gladiators of the ring.

I have been studying the official reply which the British Boxing Board of Control has made to the attack in the editorial of the LANCET and for the benefit of those who, like me, love the game I would like to quote from it.

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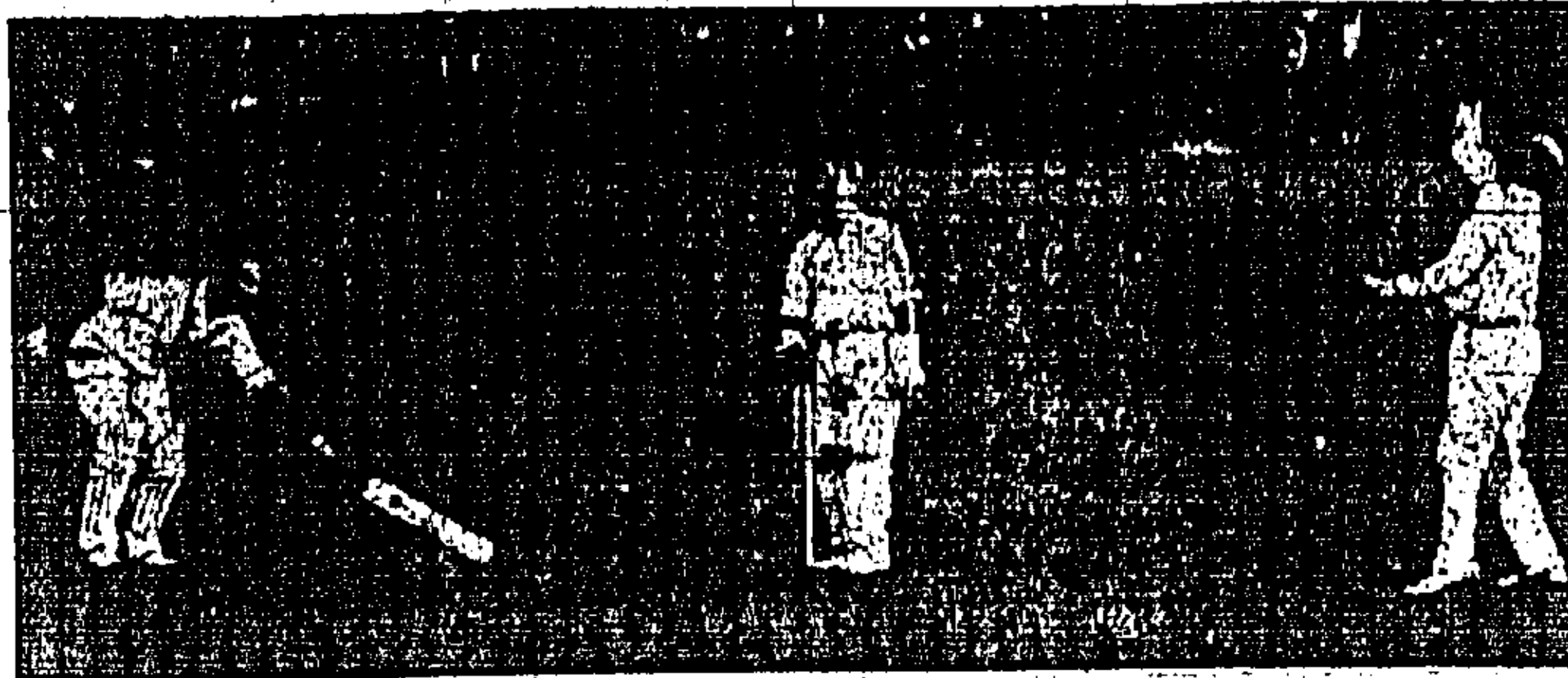
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He Won't Miss This One



It's not often that Lock has an easy catch at short leg but Evans skied this one after scoring 50 for Kent against Surrey at Blackheath last week. Surrey won the match by 10 wickets.

the referees I met both in Britain and in America. They knew the practical side of the game inside out and were bolder the fighter who got caught trying to put something over on them. I should know... I tried... and I got caught.

But the question of toughness is not connected with the boxing controversy alone. It has been asked as a general query and this reply by a member of the British Olympic Committee is worth considering:

"In trying to answer a question of this kind one must first of all decide what is meant by 'toughness'.

For example national boundaries have undergone great changes and new spirits of international rivalry have been created.

Metamorphosis
There has also been a redistribution of material wealth. Social standards have fluctuated and the gay devil-may-care amateur, who was once the backbone of amateur sport, has almost—because of economic necessity—disappeared. In his place has arisen a race of "spooned" and nationally coached performers who have not only shown themselves the equal of

It is a far-reaching argument and it brings us back to my opening question "Are sportsmen as tough as they used to be?"

One veteran British boxer, has no doubts about the answer. "Of course they are," he says, "the biggest trouble today is that the public has become squeamish."

Don't Know Enough
"Whenever they see a bit of blood they either start shouting for the referee to stop it, although occasionally—if provoked—they go right to the other extreme and bellow for more."

Plenty have tried — Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, James J. Jeffries, Jack Dempsey, Max Schmeling, Joe Louis, Ezzard Charles and Jersey Joe Walcott. All of them failed.

If Brooklyn's 24-year-old ex-champ wins that return fight he will out-date the oldest axiom in heavyweight boxing — "They never come back".

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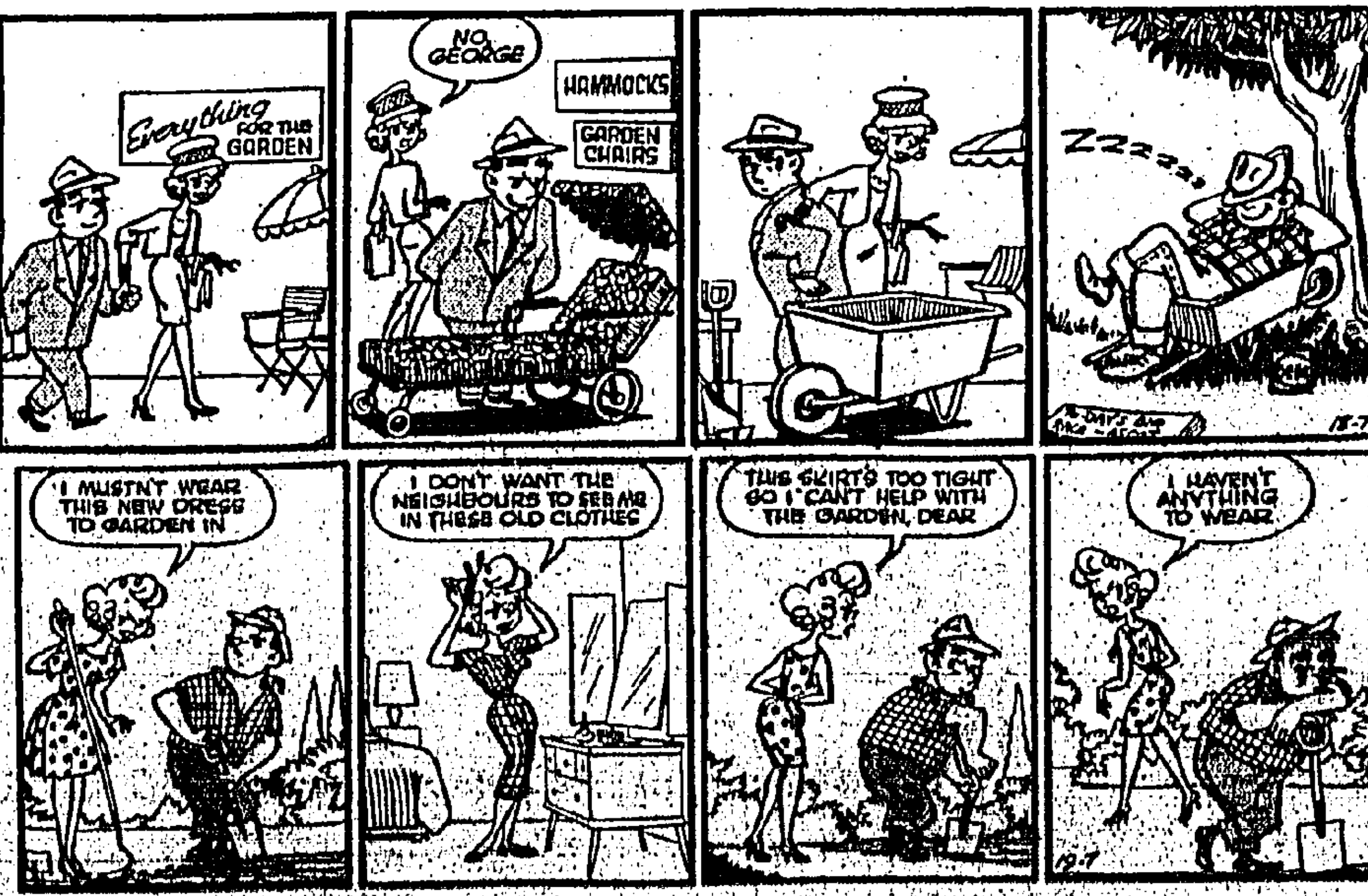
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CHINA MAIL

Page 18

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1959.

Sheaffers
NEW BALLPOINT
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STERLING SILVER TIP

Cross Channel Record Smashed

RAF CADET TAKEN TO HOSPITAL

Paris, July 17.
John Volkers, a 20-year-old RAF officer cadet at Cranwell, established a new record — 42 minutes 34 seconds — in the London-to-Paris air race today, travelling from the Arc de Triomphe in Paris to London's Marble Arch.

Indians Fight To Draw

Hove, July 17.
Solid batting throughout the day, led by a determined 72 from deputy opener Nana Joshi, enabled the Indian cricketers to fight their way out of a tight corner against Sussex on the final day of the match here.

The Indians began the day facing their second county defeat of the tour. With nine wickets standing, they needed 105 runs to avoid defeat by an innings. At the close they were 363 for five—steered to safety by one of their most consistent batting displays of the tour.

Joshi was the anchor man, but other notable knocks came from Chandrakant Borde (56) and Polly Umrigar (61). Later, when the danger of defeat was passed, Pankaj Roy (63) and Narsing Chorpade (57) joined in an unfinished six-wicket stand of 122.

IMPRESSIVE
Sussex are one of the weaker county championship sides. But even so the ease with which the Indians fought back from the point of defeat was impressive before lunch, 116 being added to the overnight 24 for one wicket for the loss of Datta Gaekwad, who made 32.

Joshi and Borde added 89 in 100 minutes before Borde, whose attractive batting had contributed 58 of the partnership's runs, was bowled going forward. He hit 11 fours.

AGGRESSIVE
Umrigar, always aggressive, partnered Joshi in a fourth-wicket stand of 58 in 50 minutes before Joshi's patient and highly-valuable innings ended with the score at 200. His 72, made in three and three-quarter hours and including six fours, was easily his best of the tour.

Umrigar fell to a brilliant diving catch after slamming 11 fours in his 80-minute stay. And then Roy and Chorpade joined in their unbroken partnership, which grew more carefree as time progressed.—Reuter.

Touchy

Chicago, July 17.
Scholastic magazine said a poll of 5,000 high school students showed that it made one-third of them mad to be called "egg-head."

Second worst word to call the polled students is "spendthrift," the magazine said, but that only annoys 11 per cent.—UPI.

Lost Trucks

Washington, July 17.
The latest joke circulating around Washington is that some of those fire trucks that went to the Pentagon fire two weeks ago are still lost in the clover-leaf traffic maze that surrounds the building.—UPI.

Wedding Not Off Says Footman

Victoria, B.C., July 17.
Mr Bill Robson, 25-year-old footman at Buckingham Palace, does not believe his marriage to Miss Pat Evans, 24, of Whitburn, England, is off.

Mr Robson, now in Canada with the Royal tour entourage, said: "I am in love with the girl and I intend to marry her as soon as I get back to England."

He was met at Patricia Bay airport here by reporters who questioned him about a statement made by Miss Evans in which she is reported to have said she had "decided to call it off."

Mr Robson said: "I am in love with the girl and I intend to marry her as soon as I get back to England."

ENGAGED

He met Miss Evans, daughter of a wealthy building contractor, 18 months ago and they have been engaged for seven months.

Mr Robson told the reporters: "I haven't heard that her family will stand in the way. I have written two letters to her in the past few days, and she has written to me. She did say the whole thing was off. We are in love and we will get married."

The footman watched men loading the Queen's suitcase for her two-day visit here. Then he climbed into an official black car and drove to Victoria to await the arrival of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip.—China Mail Special.

Well Armed

Hertford, July 17.
The prosecution agreed yesterday that Miss Margaret Marshall, 44, had no intention of harming anyone with the hammer, tacks and straight razor she carried to an unemployment office.

Miss Marshall was placed on probation for breaking two windows with the hammer during an altercation over unemployment benefits.

But prosecutor John Bailly said it appeared clear the hammer and tacks were designed to keep her shoes in repair during the 10-mile walk from her home to the office, and she carried the razor to protect herself from attack.—UPI.

EVANS CLAIMS 1,000TH VICTIM

Gentlemen v. Players Match Drawn

London, July 17.
For the fourth consecutive season, the Gentlemen v. Players match ended in a draw at Lord's here today. The Players made no attempt to chase the 149 runs in 80 minutes they needed to win after Peter May declared the Gentlemen's second innings closed at 319 for five.

Mike Smith, the Warwickshire captain, continuing his recent good form, made a splendid 108 to make the game safe for the Gentlemen. Smith, who batted five hours and hit 23 fours, became the highest scorer in the fixture since the war—pushing the 162 not out of New Zealand's Martin Donnelly in 1947.

Partnership

Smith dominated a second-wicket stand of 173 with Raman Subba Row (Northamptonshire) whose 55 took 3½ hours.

Godfrey Evans, the Kent and England wicket-keeper brought his total number of victims in first class cricket to exactly 1,000 when he caught Les Savill, the Essex opening batsman at Westcliff.

Evans took two more catches during the innings, and despite a fighting 105 (10 fours in over three hours) by Gordon Barker, Essex lost by 10 runs.

Although Yorkshire emerged without any points from their drawn match at Leeds against Gloucestershire, they remain at the top of the championship table. Vic Watson was left 60 not out—hard driving bringing him a six and 12 fours during a watchful stay of three hours 40 minutes—when Yorkshire were dismissed for 223.

Thwarted

Surrey, seeking an outright win that would have taken them to the top of the table, were thwarted by Yorkshire's Willie Watson who hit 155 for Leicestershire, helping them gain an honourable draw at the Oval. Watson's innings was his best score for Leicestershire and included 19 fours.

He received good support from Maurice Hillman in an opening partnership of 179 and later Alan Revell's solid firm, finishing 83 not out.—Reuter.

Two Birdies

Montgomery, Ala., July 17.
Harris Dawson reported he shot two birdies on the country club course. One was a regular one-under-par hole; the other was a robin, dropped by a drive off the tee.—UPI.

Malayan Chinese Resign In Stream

Kuala Lumpur, July 17.
The Malayan Chinese Association, torn by an internal crisis last weekend, was today continuing to lose strength through a stream of resignations.

The association is a branch of Tunku Abdul Rahman's ruling Alliance Party, which is preparing for crucial General Elections on August 19.

High ranking officials and committee men are resigning daily in protest against the association's decision to accept only 32 nominations for Chinese candidates in the election.

MODIFIED
The association last Sunday also modified another demand by agreeing to accept administrative action in Chinese education policy instead of an election manifesto promise.

Tunku Abdul Rahman, who dropped the association from the party because of the demands, accepted the association back when they agreed to the modified requests.—Reuter.

No Weeping

Chatham, Va., July 17.
A widow and her six children watched without a tear yesterday as their home went up in flames.

Mrs Mary Barndale and her family had already started to move out. The house had been condemned by the city to make room for local improvements.—UPI.

Answer to 'Did It Really Happen?' is—NO.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr Chow & Mr Larken

Sir,—With reference to Percy Larken's letter in defence of N. T. Chow. We beg to be allowed not only to emphasise our letter published on July 15 but to enlarge on it in more detail.

We, and many hundreds of thousands of readers, have read and digested many letters from the self-appointed film critic N. T. Chow, with deep concern and regret.

As for saying that, and here I quote "his command of the English Language evoked admiration, as it indicates the correspondent's high standard of education", this is popycock. The mass of words used in many of these criticisms are used in such a manner that they are quite meaningless. As individual words in a dictionary they make sense, and if used in the correct way are intelligent, but having deciphered several of his letters we find them unintelligible, together with the fact that several words are not even in the English Dictionary and are what an Englishman would term "Americanisms" and in actual fact have no basic meaning whatsoever. This in our opinion, and to quote "Correspondents have the right to express their views if they do not infringe on common decency", indicates a low standard of education.

To crouch upon the subject of so many of N. T. Chow's criticisms, we think not that we were overcome by the heat of the day, but that Mr Chow suffers from this ailment when watching the films (if he ever does). His criticisms are neither constructive nor helpful in any respect, and when film productions of brilliant works of literature, costing millions of £, and acted by very experienced actors, are criticised by a person who is obviously not qualified to criticise, it was far past the time that the critic himself was criticised.

We are sure that his letters must inevitably cause a loss to the box office receipts of the local cinemas, and even if only on a small scale this surely is an infringement on common decency.

E. GLASSON,
P. BURR

Tourist Association

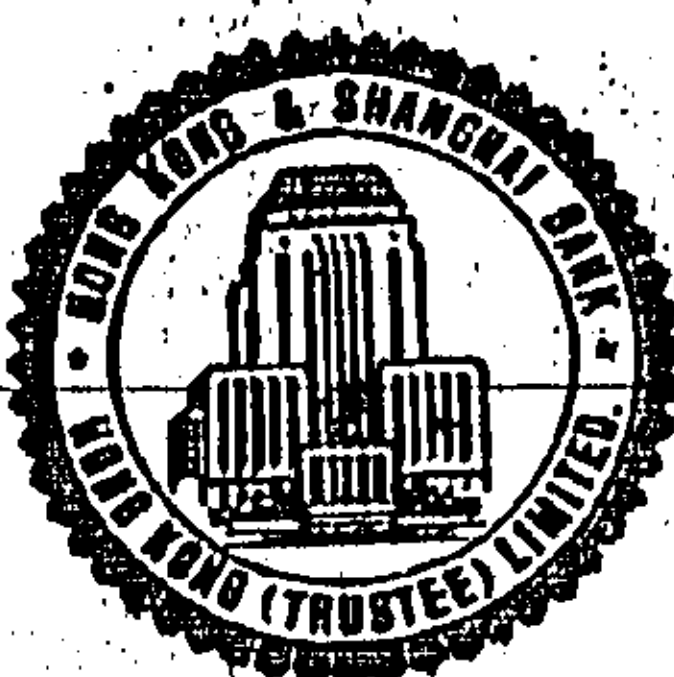
Sir,—After reading all the criticisms to which the Tourist Association and its personnel have been subjected, I came to the same conclusion as your leader (China Mail, July 17) namely that on the whole they have been mean and petty and most have come from self-appointed experts who think they could do better—same as in a soccer match.

But I will go a little further and say that Mr Chow was perhaps more motivated by a little de grandeur than anything else.

Major Stanley may have hurt the feelings of some local self-appointed experts by his independent attitude, but on the whole he is doing a fine job in selling Hongkong overseas.

Be that as it may, he will be well advised to seek the advice and co-operation of its own members as suggested in the closing paragraph of your leader for which you deserve congratulations.

A GLOBE TROTTER.



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UNOFFICIAL AINTREE RECORDS

Aintree, July 17.
Australia's Jack Brabham in a Cooper Climax and Britain's Roy Salvadori in an Aston Martin both set up unofficial lap records for the Aintree track in the second and last day's trials for the British Automobile Grand Prix to be run here on Saturday.

Both covered the three-mile lap in one min. 58 sec. at an average speed of 91.53 miles an hour.

Moss who clocked the fastest time on a wet track during yesterday's trials was 1.6 sec. and fourth behind Brabham and Salvadori today. This indicated that his BRM was not giving 100 per cent efficiency.

Mechanics were checking the brakes of the Vanwall driven by Britain's Tony Brooks. If they can be corrected in time the Vanwall will join in the battle with the racers entered by Aston Martin, Cooper Climax and BRM.—AFP.

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